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THE THREE-FOLD LOVE:

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

FRANK COWAN,

AUTHOR OF "CURIOUS FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF INSECTS."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Frank Cowan,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the West-
ern District of Pennsylvania.

GREENSBURG, PENNA:
PRINTED AT THE "HERALD" JOB OFFICE.
1866.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HON. GOTLIEB HEIDELBERG, M. C.

GEORGE LACKLAND, as 1. The crazy cove wat spouts,
2. Uncle George.
3. The Doctor.

SIR HENRY HOWARD, an English Cockney, engaged
to Flirtina.

MAJOR BOPP, a German Count, in love with Flirtina.

DR. SQUIRM, a Yankee physician.

MICKIE O'GRADY, Irish servant to Dr. Squirm.

TAD, a news-boy.

BOB, a negro boot-black.

STEVE, a negro oyster-boy.

} Street-criers.

HON. MRS. HEIDELBERG.

LENORE, daughter to Hon. G. Heidelberg.

MRS. SQUIRM, wife to Dr. Squirm.

FLIRTINA, daughter to Dr. Squirm.

AILEEN O'RANTER, Irish Servant to Heidelberg.

Plot laid in Washington, D. C.

Time: early part of year 1866.

Costumes modern—exaggerated in lower characters.

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THE THREE-FOLD LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A pavement in front of Heidelberg's house
on Capitol Hill. A Coal-hole in the centre.*

Enter TAD, a news-boy.

Tad.—Morning Chronic-ill! President's Veto to the
Freedmen's Bureau Bill! Morning Chronic-ill!

Enter GEORGE LACKLAND, (drunk and crazy.)

Hello! Johnny Reb! Good morning!

Lackl.—Do Siva's snakelike locks writhe in my hair?
And is he glutting on my living brain?
And quaffing up the life-blood from my skull?—
O madness, thou wouldst't surfeit hell with fiends!

Tad.—[*Calling,*] Hello! Bob! Here's the crazy cove
wat spouts!—Go in, Canterbury! Go in crazy!

Enter BOB, a boot-black.

Bob.—Shine 'em up! Union shine! Now's yer time!
And only cost you half a dime—shine 'em up, sir?

Lackl.—His visage downward bends, as if he were
The fabled beast of Æthiopia,
That hung its head to shield the world from Death
Who shot his poison'd arrow in its glance!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Stand on your head, black basilisk, and look
Me in the face! Thy dreaded eye I fear not—
For now a fatal glance has pierc'd my skull,
And burns my brain as 'twere Aestes' shaft.

Bob.—Yah! yah! go in crazy!

Tad.—Lay 'er down! You Jonny Reb!;

Lackl.—A Johnny Reb! The very boys rip out
The bowels of my madden'd brain! Avaunt!
Avaunt! ye cursed fiends of hell! avaunt!

Tad.—Ha! ha! Go in, Johnny! [*Exit crying.*]
Chronic-ill!

Bob.—Yah! yah! crazy! Hya's the way to strike
yer Canterbury! [*Strikes a Canterbury and exit*
crying] Shine 'em up!

Lackl.—A rebel's name! Oh, could e'en death itself
Tear from my tortur'd soul that seething brand!
In that damn'd word the jaws of hell are howling!
Exit.

Enter MICKIE.

Mickie.—This way for Mr. Heidelberg's.

Enter DR. and MRS. SQUIRM.

Dr. Squ.—Amelia, dear, [*reading from book,*] as I have expressed it in my Epistle on Epidemics, an insurmountable obstacle is reposing in the pathway you would perambulate. My article on trichiniasis and cholera, which, as you know, my dear, I have determined, by analogy and by careful microscopical examination, to be occasioned by infinitesimal animalculæ floating about in the atmospheric element we breathe, must indisputably be presented first to this Honorable Member of Congress.

Mickie.—Yis, yer honor, it's a murtherin' villain this cholera. An' it's divil a wake Tim Murphey got for fear of the outrageous disease, whin Pat Casey's hod fell fornint his red head an' killed him dead on the shpot that he died the nixt night.

Mrs. Squ.—Silence, Mickie!—My appropriation! *Æsculapius.* I insist upon stating my case first. What shall your wife's philanthropic generosity in distributing Hebrew tracts among our ignorant colored brethering be unpaid for by the government? I must have my appropriation!

Dr. Squ.—No, my dear. The trichiniasis and cholera this Member of Congress must have first!—Mickie, ring the bell! [*Mickie rings.*]

Mrs. Squ.—I say my appropriation first! What! have women no rights! Read my last article in the Boston Journal.

Dr. Squ.—Mickie, depart, and drive my daughter Flirtina—no, Amelia, my trichiniasis first—around the capitol. But return here—my article on cholera first—after a period of fifteen minutes has elapsed.

Mickie.—All right, yer honor. [*Aside,*] 'Tis well seen they're from the hub-bub of the universe. *Exit.*

Aileen.—[*Within,*] If yer umbrella-menders or persons saykin' offices, Mr. Heidelberg says you may clear out, ye vagabonds.

Dr. Squ.—It is beneath our dignity to reply, Amelia.

Mrs. Squ.—It is, Æsculapius.

Dr. Squ.—For once then we agree.

Aileen.—[*Opens the door,*] Arrah! I thought ye were office saykers or ither vagabonds.

Dr. Squ.—Present our cards to the Honorable Gotlieb Heidelberg.

Aileen.—Come in to the parlor, an' I'll say him to larn if I must tell ye he is out, tho' a' the time he is afther scratchin' fly-legs all over his papers. [*Dr. and Mrs. Squ. go in, Aileen looking out of door,*] Aye, there goes my darlint Mickie into Whitney's; he'll be afther comin' back when he's taken a wee dthrop. [*Aileen goes in and closes the door.*]

Enter MAJOR BOPP.

Maj. B.—Tunner und blitzen! wash ish der matter mit me! I fights mit Siegel, und drinks mit Blenker, put I ish dishmissed und dishgraced! I den meets der shweet Mish Flirtina, und she calls me a prave soltyer, und dances der German mit me; und I shpends all mine monies on her; und I calls her mine frauline; and den, O mine faderland! she says she ish to marry der English Lord, de Henry Howard, who ish a coward und fop. O mine gott! wash ish der matter mit me! Den I gets me a letter to der Congressman Heidelberg foor ein koorneley in der army; unt I comes here fifty times; but, tunner und plitzen, he ish always djust nichts

come arous ! Ah ! wash ish der matter mit me !
 Put I'll catch der Congressman now—eh ? Yaw !
[Goes to ring the bell.]

Aileen.—*[From the coal vault,]* Mickie, darlint, an' its hoist the iron gratin'!

Maj. B.—Mine gott ! ish dat ein ghost ! Und sphrechen vom der grund.

Aileen.—Mickie ! Mickie ! an' its hoist the iron gratin'!

Maj. B.—Ah ! I dot it wash ein gheest. Tunner ! a prave soltyer ish never afeard of ghosts ! So I'll let dis woman out vom der coal-hole. *[Raises grating, reaches down, and pulls Aileen's head and arms out.]*

Aileen.—*[Still holding Maj. B's hand.]* Array ! ye Ditch villain, an' is it you ? Gorrah ! Ye're always afther ringin' the bell, and disturbin' yer bethers, ye Ditch vagabond !

Maj. B.—Ah, mine gott ! wash ish de matter mit me now !

Aileen.—There, take that, and lave yer bethers alone !
[Throws a handfull of soot and ashes in his face, and drops into the vault.]

Maj. B.—Ah mine faderland ! I ish plack just like ein plack neeger ! Ver ish der Pot-omac to vash mine faysh ! Ah, mine gott, wash ish de matter mit me !

Exit.

Re-enter MICKIE.

Mickie.—Ha ! wishkey's the blood of the bowld Feni-ans ! Whoo ! hurroo ! for O'Mahony, the hid cintre !

Aileen.—*[Rising from the coal-hole,]* Whist ! Mickie ! an' is the dirty Ditchman gone !

Mickie.—Bedad ! yer a Wanus risin' out of the say.

Aileen.—Has the villain gone !

Mickie.—Aileen, mavourneen, ye're as rosy as the morn.

Aileen.—The dirty divil of a Ditchman, Major Bopp, where is he, ye spalpeen ?

Mickie.—In purgatory, ye jewel ye, if he's had his dues ! And perhaps further down—in Washing-ton, darlint ! *[Kneels and offers to kiss her.]*

Aileen.—Ah, ye're jokin', Mickie, ye're jokin'.

Enter STEVE, blowing tin horn.

Steve.—Hyar's yer Saddle-Rocks and Shrewsburies!
Have some nice fresh oysters, hyar?

Mickie.—Clear out 'o this, ye native-born Amirikin! ye woolly-haired Caucasian! ye crow-heeled Irishman!
[*Drives Steve out.*] *Aileen*, my darlint, that's my brither --we're a pair cf twins, both of us.

Aileen.—Ye're the divil's own imp thin.

Mickie.—Hold here yer rosy chayks at any rate! Ha!
ye look like a bloomin' rose at midnight. [*Kisses her.*]

Re-enter GEORGE LACKLAND.

Lackl.—'O love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.'

Mickie.—The divil ye say.

Lackl.—'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'

Aileen.—[*Shricking.*] Och! Mickie, dear, its the crazy cove! Come! come! my darlint, its the crazy cove! [*Mickie struggles, but Aileen pulls him along with her into the coal-hole.*]

Lackl.—[*Scraping with his toe Mickie's boots which protrude from the hole,*] 'The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, [*courter*] he galls his kibe.'

Mickie.—Aileen, ye divil, let me be afther him.

Aileen.—Its murther, Mickie, murther!

Re-enter MAJOR BOPP, with a brick in his hand.

Maj. B.—Tunner und plitzen! I ish a prave man, und I schlagt her on de kopf mit der shtein! [*Sees Mickie's boots.*] Put Oh, mine faderland! wash ish dat! Dis Irish frau vear boots, O mine gott!

Lackl.—'The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave.'

Mickie.—By the powers! Aileen, let me go! It's the villain Ditchman! Whoo! here's sedition! see the Fenian uprisin'. [*Emerges feet foremost.*]

Lackl.—'Hang out your banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, They come!'

Maj. B.—O mine gott! wash ish de matter mit me now!

Mickie.—Mather! I'd be afther weltn' ye till yer mather wouldn't know yes from a puddin, ye dirty Schwope. [*Mickie tumbles the German about.*]

Aileen.—[*Rising from the hole.*] Aye! give it to him, Mickie, the Ditch blackguard.---Och! ye rantin' crazy cove, ye'd shcare the life out of a skilton ye would.

Maj. B.—Tunner und blitzen, wash ish der matter!

Lackl.—
‘Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough!’
[*Mickie throws Maj. B. on his back.*]

Re-enter DR. and MRS. SQUIRM.

Dr. Squ.—Ho! ho! I command you to keep the peace!

Lackl.—‘Peace, peace; when there is no peace.’

Aileen—Welt on, Mickie! It's not every day you can bate a Ditchman.

Dr. Squ.—What! ho! another explosion of nitro-glycerine!—Mickie, you rebellious filial descendant of Hibernia, depart! I reiterate, depart!

Mickie—Just one more strike at the vagabond? *Exit.*

Maj. B.—Ah mine faderland, wash feylt! wash feylt!
[*Rises.*]

Mrs. Squ—Goodness-gracious! Æsculapius! It's Major Bopp, the German Count, the lover of my daughter Flirtina.

Aileen.—A low-bred blackguard, may it playse yer worship. *Exit through coal-hole.*

Maj. B.—Gott in himmel! I ish demoralised und bewitched! Bewitched! bewitched!

Lackl.—‘My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman Senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?’

Mrs. Squ.—Ah, my dear, this is the crazy cove wat spouts—a fit object for my commendable charity.

Dr. Squ.—A fit subject for the trichiniasis or cholera to attack.

Mrs. Squ.—Unfortunate being, except this Hebrew tract. Ah, charity is a great virtue! [*Writes in note-book.*]

Dr. Squ.—And here is a box of my Patent Pest Purge Pills. If you should be attacked by trichiniasis or cholera, taken according to printed directions accompanying each box, they will work an instantaneous and effectual cure. Ah, yes, as I remark in the prologomenon to my Epistle on Epidemics, [*Reads*] a celebrated physician should relieve the poor gratuitously.

Lackl. ‘Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.’
‘Throw physic to the dogs—I’ll none of it.’

[*Throws down the pills and tract and exit.*]

Dr. Squ.—What total depravity!—But—why, Amelia dear, what are you employed at?

Mrs. Squ.—Why Æsculapius, making a note of our unexampled philanthropic generosity for the Boston Journals. It may help my appropriation, dear.

Dr. Squ.—But be good enough, dear, to omit the results. Come. *Exeunt.*

Aileen.—[*Rising from coal-hole*] Ha! ye stingy Yankees! Ye’d covet the coppers on yer dead grandmother’s eyes, an’ boast in the newspapers of yer liberality at her wake! An’ ye put yer fut in a shwate row, ye did, ye dirty divils, ye! [*Pulls grating over the hole as she disappears.*]

SCENE II. *Heidelberg’s room. Public documents, seeds, papers, &c., in pro- and confusion.*

Enter HON. HEIDELBERG.

Hon. H.—There are two kinds of dogs in my new system—

Four-legged dogs, which have the forms of dogs
But lead the lives of human beings; and

Two-legged dogs, which have the forms of men
 But lead the lives of dogs. These class all dogs.
 The first includes the mongrel, whelp, and cur ;
 The next, the dog nam'd Legion and—myself,
 The Honorable Gotlieb Heidelberg. [*Gets bottle
 of whiskey from behind documents, and pours out a
 drink.*]

To oil the wheels of my philosophy. [*Drinks.*]
 I thought I'd come to Congress to survey
 This continent from Maine to Oregon ;
 To make the laws for the United States ;
 To turn the bloody torrent of a war
 Into the head-race of the mill of peace
 To grind the bread-flour of prosperity
 And happiness for unborn generations !
 To have my eye of thought on thirty millions—
 Zounds ! as for contemplating thirty millions,
 I have not time enough to shave myself
 In looking for the petty interests
 Of thirty individuals ! Poor dog !

[*Pours out another drink.*]

'Twill drown the grating of my collar,
 And clanking of my dog-chain in my kennel.

[*Drinks.*]

I'll see now what my masters bid me do.

[*Unties his bundle, red-tape, &c.*]

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. H.—Why, Gotly, las a me ! you've got the dumps ;
 you've got the blues. You look as if a big June
 flood was washin' 'way your water-million patch and
 you could'nt save it !

Hon. H.—Dumps ? blues ? No. Sarah Jane, sit down.
 Your husband's a dog. [*Reads his letters.*]

Mrs. H.—A dog?—a Member of Congress, the Hon.
 Gotlieb Heidelberg, who made his half a million in
 two months at Pithole. My husband has an 'Hon-
 orable' to his name ! Think of it ! That's what it
 is to be a Member of Congress !

Enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—An' it's here's a bit of pasteboard foor the
 Honorable Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! that's myself! How nice!

Aileen.—The impudent Hinglish vagabond, yer ladyship, gave it to me, he did.

Mrs. H.—The idea! Aileen! And call the English lord, that's in love with my daughter Lenore, a vagabond? How dare you?

Hon. H.—You are in the right, Aileen. With his hopewas, weceptions, juleps hof peppewmint, cwoquet,—O thunder, he would drive me mad in ten minutes! Aileen, tell him, to clear out!

Mrs. H.—Just like you, you old foggy! you country 'squire!—Aileen, show the English lord into the room.

Aileen.—I will, yer ladyship.

Mrs. H.—And then, Aileen, inform my daughter Lenore, that her ladyship, her mother, is desirous of seeing her in her father's study.

Aileen.—Yis, yis, yer ladyship. *Exit.*

Hon. H.—I suppose now I must pull up stakes too. *Exit.*

Mrs. H.—Yes, go! And I'll warrant you'll be around here at Whitney's sucking brandy-cocktails through a straw!—But ah, the English lord is coming! Las a me! I feel so nervous! Think of it! in love with my daughter! She must have him and be an English lady! Think of it!

Enter SIR HENRY HOWARD.

Howd.—Ah, Mrs. 'Eidelbewg, hI'm pewfectly 'appy to see you.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Mr. Howard, you are so polite. Won't you take this chair?

Howd.—Ah, thank you. hI sincewely pway that Miss Lenowe is hextwemely well?

Mrs. H.—She is, your lordship. Yes, las a me! she'll be here in a minute and you will see.—But Mr. Howard, I heard to-day you were engaged?

Howd.—Hengaged!—to 'om, pway?

Mrs. H.—Why, las a me! to Miss Flirtina Squirm.

Howd.—'Ow pewfectly habsurd ! [*Aside*] Hegad : mit s twue !

Mrs. H.—The idea ! Of course 'I didn't believe it ! Why, she's nothing but a doctor's daughter !

Howd.—Hit wounds my honow to be hassociated with 'er.

Enter LENORE.

Ah, Miss Lenowe, youw pwesence pewfectly delights me.

Lenore.—Good evening, Mr. Howard.

Howd.—Ah, madame, can hI beg to 'ave the honow and 'appness of hescowting youw ladyship hand Miss Lenowe to the hopewa to-mowwow night ?

Mrs. H.—Las a me ! you dear soul ! you can take us every night ! you're so polite and nice,—las a me ! let's go to night ?

Howd.—Most 'appy hindeed ; but hI 'ave an hengagement.

Mrs. H.—The idea ! Yes—I never thought of that. [*Aside to Lenore.*] And Lenore you shall wear your new white bonnet ! Think of it ! an English lord in love with you, and going to take us to the opera !

Lenore.—Mother dear, he cannot be in love with me. He talks to me only of operas and croquet.

Mrs. H.—I say he is in love with you : And you must marry him. Think of being an English lady ! Think of it !

Howd.—Ah, Miss Lenowe, does not the disagweeable fwagwance of these documents pewfectly haffect youw newwes ?

Mrs. H.—And, las a me ! there are some of the stinking books just besides your highness on the table ! The idea ! [*Mrs. H. removes the books : finds Hon. H's bottle. which she hides in her clothing after a great deal of tribulation.*] Oh, excuse us, Mr. Howard ? Why, las a me ! we'll go into the parlor The idea of bringing an English lord into a Member of Congress's room !

Howd.—Pwepostewous ! pewfectly pwepostewous !

Mrs. H.—[*Opens door.* *Exit Howard.* *Mrs. H. puts bottle down*] Oh, las a me ! if the English lord had seen my husband's bottle !—But, come, my daughter. Think of marrying this English lord, and being an English lady ! That's what it is to be the daughter of a Member of Congress worth half a million !

Exit.

Lenore.—My mother speaks not to her daughter, me,
But to the lustre of my father's name,
Which, glancing from his head, hangs over mine
A spectre angel but a real fiend.—
O honor, clad in robes of brightness, and
Encircled with the halo of a saint,
Thou art a demon in thy nakedness !
The very breath that breathes thy life of sound
Is freighted with the death of happiness.
My mother speaks not to her daughter, me,
But to the glitter of my father's gold
Which seems to 'twine itself among my locks,
And course the threaded texture of my gown,
And hang like tinsel'd fringe around my skirt,
Till, cased in gold, a chrysalid I seem :
A chrysalid without but worm within—
Aye, worm that's tortur'd with ichneumon grubs
Which gnawing at it's vitals make it writhe.
O wealth ! thou art my father's kindest slave,
Why then a cruel master to his daughter ?

Exit.

Re-enter HON. HEIDELBERG.

Hon. H.—This foppish English cockney drives me around as if he were indeed a John Bull and I a Jack Poodle ! Well, at best, I am a dog ! But I'll put a ring in his nose soon, damme ! It's oh, to be a Member of Congress ! to have Freedmen's Bureau Bills, and Civil Rights Bills dancing 'Ole Virginny nebber tire' through your brain all night ! to have your radical constituents stamp on your conservative breast, and neigh and whinny like a mongrel cross between a nigger and a nightmare ! To wake up, and then be besieged by office-seekers before you've got your breeches on ! To bolt your breakfast next !

Then to get qualms and a sour stomach by a Yankee doctor's confabulations on trichiniasis and cholera! And to have your ears distracted by a philanthropic Yankee marm, who accompanies her Boston lingo on the nasal organ! And then for six hours to hear the negro discussed by a pack of blithering fools!—But there's some consolation in my 'Old Monongahela.' [*Looks for his bottle, but cannot find it.*] Zounds! Sarah Jane's been here! O misery—to be wed to thee!

Re-enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—An' its Dr. Squirm and Mrs. Squirm, that's comin' so early at this time o' night.

Hon. H.—Good heavens! Aileen! Tell them I'm in bed! Tell them I've gone to Jerusalem! Anything, Aileen! Tell them I'm dead, and in Purgatory and don't want to awake! Tell them to clear out, Aileen, and don't stand there gaping!

Aileen.—Gorrah! ye rant like a Fenian!

Hon. H.—Clear out! clear out!

Aileen.—Yis, yis, yer honor.

Exit.

Hon. H.—It's enough to make an army chaplain—pray! I'll go now to my stall, and halter myself along with a nightmare!

Exit.

SCENE III. *Same as Scene I.*

Enter GEORGE LACKLAND.

Lackl.—This rebel's title haunts me like a fiend!
It's staring in each visage that I see,
Till mad, I blind my eyes in drink! but still
It haunts me in my drunken dreams, a hag
As curs'd as e'er tormented old Abudah!
Why? why? I lov'd my father—could he err?
I followed proudly when he led the van.
I lov'd my State—and could it be deceiv'd?
My step was firm to guard its sacred rights.
But oh, the greater, blacker, damning sin
Of war against my government blots all
The merits of those deeds; that greater crime

Damns all my former virtues—justly? Aye---
 Oh, for a draught of fire to burn my soul
 To hide my mis'ry in the blacken'd coal!

Enter from door HON. and MRS. HEIDELBERG and
 LENORE.

Hon. H.—It was but yesterday I saw a brother Member
 take a bribe. I felt as if my country was insulted.
 I would have felt more pride to have been but plain
 'Squire Heidelberg than an Honorable Member here.

Lackl.—‘When vice prevails and impious men bear
 sway,
 The post of honor is a private station.’

Hon. H.—Ha! what oracle have we here that answers
 me so pat?

Lackl.— ‘I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!’

Enter MAJOR BOPP.

Maj. B.—Ha! mine herr Heidelberg, I meets you now!
 und here ish my papers for you to sign to make me
 ein koornel in der army.

Hon. H.—I have enquired about you, Major Bopp, and
 all tell me you are a coward and a drunkard. I can-
 not sign your recommendations.

Maj. B.—Ah, mine gott, wash ish de matter mit me
 now! Ah, mine herr, do write my papers!

Mrs. H.—Why, las a me! Gotly! sign his papers!
 That's what it is te be a member of Congress!

Hon. H.—Stand aside—I cannot do it. [*To Lackl.*] Who
 do you say you are, sir?

Lackl.—‘I am thy father's spirit.’

Hon. H.—You are my father's ghost! As flat a lie as
 e'er I heard! My father was a Pennsylvania German!

Lackl.—‘O my prophetic soul! my uncle!’

Mrs. H.—Las a me!

Aileen.—[*Rising through the coal-hole*] Whist! An
 it's a good ear I have foor scintin' a row!—Aye! an
 there's the villain of a Ditchman! [*Disappears.*]

Hon. H.—How dare you, sir! Who are you, scoundrel?

Lackl.—‘I am his Highness’s dog at Kew;
Pray tell me sir, whose dog are you?’

Hon. H.—The dog of my constituents, ’tis true. But sir, I’d have you know I say that only!

Maj. B.—[*Aside*] Now ish der time to prove myself a prave soltjer; und get mine papers signed; und be ein koornel!—[*To Lackl*] Tunner und plitzen! you lyin’ rashcal, you insult mine herr Heidelberg, I schlaght you en de kopf! [*As he is about to strike, Aileen pulls him by the legs into the coal hole. He supports himself, however, with his hands on either side of the hole*] Ah, mine gott! wash ish de matter mit me now! [*Aileen, pulling, pulls off his boots*] und, O mine faderland, I ish out of my poots! Ah, wash ish de matter mit me now! Bewitched! bewitched! [*Pulls himself upon the pavement and runs away.*]

Aileen.—[*Rising*] An’ he would be afther strikin’ a poor crazy man! But, gorrah, he’s made a nate prisint of his boots to Mickie, he has.—Whist! there’s my mistress. [*Disappears.*]

Hon. H.—Do you see that cane, you rogue?

Lackl.—‘Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?’

Lenore.—No! father do not! Aileen says he is a crazy man! Oh, father do not, I pray you! [*To Lackl.*]
Poor man, I pity you.

Lackl.—‘Pity’s akin to love.’

Mrs. H.—Las a me! the crazy fool is talking love to our Lenore!

Lackl.—‘A child of our grandmother Eve, a female;
Or, for thy better understanding, a woman,’—
‘I never spent an hour’s talk withal.’

Mrs. H.—Las a me! ’tis true! And may she never hear your voice again!

Lackl.— ‘Cry, ‘Sleep no more!’
Macbeth does murder sleep! the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell’d sleeve of care.’

Hon. H.—He's crazy as a loon!—See here, my good fellow, have you not escaped from the stage?

Lackl.—‘I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.’

Lenore.—Poor crazy man, your sad life wrings my heart.

Lackl.—‘’Twas sad by fits, by starts ’twas wild.’

Hon. H.—There's wit in all this madness. I think I've heard of this queer chap before. My good fellow, are you not called the crazy cove wat spouts?

Lackl.— ‘A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.’

Hon. H.—Here, take this money, sir. [*Gives money.*]

Mrs. H.—And this from me. [*Gives money.*] But don't you ever speak a word of love to our Lenore again!

Lenore.—[*Giving him a dollar bill*]
And take, sir this from me. Poor crazy man!
Your face with hunger haggard haunts me.
Go—buy some bread and meat, but drink no more.

Lackl.—‘When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!’

Exeunt Hon. and Mrs. H. and Lenore.

‘Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?’

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

I laugh—but ’tis the ghastly grinning of
A skull without a soul to feel it.—But

‘Put money in thy purse.’ Ha! ha! a dime!

Another! What is this? a dollar-bill?

Hello! you’ve made a great mistake here! ho!

She answers not: ‘The money’s mine in peace then.

Who gave it to me?—I remember now,

A lady, one who seem’d to pity me;

Who bade me go buy bread and—drink no more.

Is this a dream? Where is my memory?

My reason? Am I crazy—mad, indeed!

Nay! nay! a gentle lady pitied me,

And said my haggard face did haunt her,

And bade me, go buy bread, and—drink no more!

And—drink no more!—Aye! I remember all.
 And Heaven bless thee, kind and gentle lady.—
 Ha! paper-bill, though like the shroud of gold,
 Thy sunny hair'd, and merry laughing brother,
 Who damn'd me once with his great wealth—thou,
 now,
 The token of a lady's pity for me,
 Thou shalt redeem me from my misery!
 I'll drink no more! no more! This madman's mask,
 And crazy actor's garb and speech, I'll doff!
 And if a rebel to my country once,
 A life's devotion to the Union now
 I offer in atonement for my crime.
 Accept it, great and gen'rous government.
 And blot the title 'Rebel' from my name!
 And Heaven bless thee!—Aye; and thou, kind
 one,
 Thou savior of an outcast, crazy man,
 May Heaven bless thee—is my constant prayer!
Exit,

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Senate steps. LACKLAND discovered
 disguised as an old man aged about sixty.*

Lackl.—We're titled then according to our coats.
 'Tis well. And thanks; for now this old man's
 garb
 Has rid me of the name of 'crazy cove,'
 As that base titled clos'd my ears against
 The shrill death rattle of a rebel's name.—
 O gentle lady, whosoe'er thou art,
 Who sav'd me from a crazy rebel's grave,
 May Heaven picture all its happiness
 On every page of life thou turns't below.—

O madness damn'd to blur all recollections
Of my preserver from my memory !

Enter HOWARD,—down the steps.

Howd.—Whewe can I find the cwazy cove wat spouts?
'E did wecite with most hexquisite tone.
hI wish I could wecite so to Lenowe.
'Tis poetwy that suits my twagic voice.
Lenowe, too, says she loves good poetwy.
hI'd 'ave 'er 'alf a million then suwe pop.
My money's newly hout, hand bills crowd hin;
hI must this giwl hand 'alf a million vin.
'Twould be womantic, too, in twagic wewse,
Hat once to vin a wife hand fill my puwse.—
Good mowwow, stwangew.

Lackl.—Good morning, sir.

Howd.—hI twust you know the cwazy cove wat spouts?
hI wondew whewe the cwazy fool 'as gone ?

Lackl.—The crazy cove has not been recogniz'd
Within the past five days. What would you with
him ?

Howd.—My deaw siw, his that youw's how mÿ business?

Lackl.—Ah, pardon me. I was too curious.

Howd.—Ah, yes, most cewtainly. I condescend.—
Hit stwikes me 'e was wewy stwange.
'E could wecite with most hexquisite tone.
'Is waving wewses, too; wewe a *pwopos*.—
hI feaw hI'm hunintelligible to
The vulgaw poow. hI'll condescend hagain.—
'Is waving speech was halways to the point.

Lackl.—It seems his madness was quite strange, indeed.

Howd.—Ah, wewy stwange.

Lackl.— But could you tell me, sir,
Where I might possibly get work to-day ?

Howd.—The pinnacle hof valguh himpuence !
Vat ! do you think a common newsboy hI'm
To peddle wound the wants hof all the poow ?

Lackl.—Ah, no. I thought you were a gentleman.

Howd.—Wemembew, hinsolence, to 'om you speak !
Hegad ! dawe not to speak those wowds hagain !

Lackl.—I thought you were a gentleman.

Howd.—

Hegad!

Hand am I not a gentleman? ha lowd?

Hegad! hold man, 'tis well you do wetwact:

My hanger might 'ave made me stwike you down.

Hegad! my Henglish blood boils hat an hinsult.

hI might 'av stwuck you dead wight hcn the spot!

Lackl.—You might—*potentia remotissima*.

Howd.—hI might! hand wat? Hegad!

Lackl.—

'Twas a *propos*.—

I fear I'm unintelligible to

The vulgar rich. Now I'll descend. You might—

A possibility the most remote.

Howd.—Hegad! hold man! hand mock ha noble lowd!

Hand 'twewe not fow youw haged, 'oary locks,

hl'd—

Lackl.— Be more courteous to at least your equals.

Howd.—hI'd stwike—

Lackl. Or be struck most assuredly

If I could deign to strike so mean a fool.

Howd.—Hegad! hand call me fool, old man?

Lackl.—

Yea; fool.

Howd.—Parbleu! hI'll call the Capitol police!

Lackl.—But dare to cry! I'd strangle you, by Heaven!

[*Lackl.*, cool up to this time, now madly clutches
Howard's throat.]

Howd.—hI would not cw y hout fow the wowld. Vy,

siw,

To cw y, hI'd look just like ha pewfect fwight!

Besides, my woice is twagic bass. Vy, siw,

hI'd scweech to stwike ha cleaw sophwano note.

Besides—vy, siw—[*Lackl. pushes him away*]

Yes; hI wemembew now

hI§ 'ave, siw, an hengagement for this houw.

Most 'appy to 'ave met you 'ere to-day;

hI twust you'll pawdon my habwupt depawtuwe.

Exit.

Lackl.—A sudden fear my hidden strength reveal'd.

'Twere death mayhap to have my mask torn off!

No name—no money—friends—not e'en a tale!

And such a man in this old man's apparel !
 A burglar ? robber ? murderer ? assassin ?
 Suspicion's howl might wake my sleeping madness !
 And then—O rage of miseries infernal !
 Then death were blest relief for my great pain !—
 An Englishman ? The very name stirs up
 A lion in the jungle of my blood !—
 To find work and my benefactress now—
 But where ? I know not. Heaven direct my steps.

Exit:

SCENE II. *A hall in Dr. SQUIRM'S house.*

*Enter Dr. and Mrs. SQUIRM, FLIRTINA, MICKIE, and
 MAJOR BOFF following.*

Maj. B.—Ah, won't you hear mine case !

Flirtina.—If it's your coffin, yes. But I tell you I am engaged to Sir Henry Howard—so, go !

Dr. Squ.—Importunate [*Looks in his book*] Allemanic refugee, you are as great a plague as the rinderpest ! Depart !

Mrs. Squ.—You should have expended your money in some philanthropic distribution of Hebrew tracts among our poor colored brethering ! [*Aside*] That rebuke for the welfare of suffering humanity must be published in the Boston Journals. [*Writes in her note-book.*]

Exeunt Dr. and Mrs. Squ. and Flirtina.

Maj. B.—Ah, mine gott ! wash ish de matter mit me !

Mickie.—[*Touching him on the shoulder*] The tap o' the mornin' to you, Major.

Maj. B.—Ah, mine faderland, wash ish de matter mit me now !

Mickie.—[*Pointing to his boots*] Don't you ricognize yer owld frinds ? Aileen, my darlint, has a head that doesn't forgit her Mickie's fut !

Maj. B.—Tunner und plitzen ! de English coward mit mine Flirtina ish shtanding in mine shoes, und dis Irish vagabond ish shtanding in mine poots !

Mickie.—Aisy ! be aisy, ye divil ye ! Ye say yer owld frinds, do ye ? An' they'll be afther faylin' foor the brass buttons on yer coat-tail, if you don't mind that !

Maj. B.—Oh, mine gott! I ish bewitched und demoralized! Ah! bewitched! bewitched! *Exit.*

Mickie.—[*Kicking after him*] Gorray! but I'm achin' to bate the villain! Whoo!—Aye! but it's the devil's own place is Washington, it is. My masher readin' Greek; my misthress writin' an' scatterin' bits o' paper among the naygers; an' both of thim runnin' night an' day afther Congrishmin: Miss Flirtina in histerics and opera all night and shnorin' all day. Thin there's Englishmin, an' dirty Ditchmin, an' Jews, an' Senators, an' Indians, an' Fenians, an' the devil knows what ither denominations, all piled together like so many bits o' dog-meat in a Ditchman's sausage. Aye! begab! I forgot the naygers. There's some naygers in Washington.—There's a shprinklin of the black Fenians in Washington, begab, there is. *Exit.*

SCENE III. *Heidelberg's parlor. Hon. and Mrs. H., LENORE, and HOWARD discovered.*

Hon. H.—Ah, Sarah Jane, I'm work'd like a hired mule in harvest!

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Gotly! don't work so hard! don't worry yourself so much! You're getting to be as cross and surly as a bear! Why don't you put your hands in your pockets, and talk about nothing but the poor negro! That's what it is to be a Member of Congress!

Enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—Faith, yer honor, there's a polite owld gintleman wantin' woork at the door, there is.

Hon. H.—A polite old gentleman wanting work. Tell him to come in, Aileen.

Mrs. H.—The idea! Gotly, of bringing a beggar workman into the parlor!

Howd.—Pwepostewous! pewfectly pwepostewous!

Hon. H.—No more! Mr. Howard, or I'll veto your gab rather roughly.—Aileen, show the gentleman in.

Aileen.—I will, yer honor. *Exit.*

Mrs. H.—Aileen, drive him away!—Las a me! Gotly!
—And oh, I trust your lordship [*to Howd.*] will pardon my husband's rudeness. You know he was only a country 'squire before he came here. And think of it! he's never had his visiting cards engraved yet!

Enter GEORGE LACKLAND.

Lackl.—Pardon my intrusion.

Hon. H.—Come in! come in, sir, and sit down.

Howd.—Hegad! 'e is a feawful despewado! 'E is a wewy dwradful chawactew! 'E came within the most delicate point of thwottling me to-day.

Hon. H.—Zounds! I wish he had!

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Gotly! are you crazy? It's an English lord!

Howd.—hI beg leave to withdwaw.

Hon. H.—Clear out! you conceited fop!

Exit Howard.

Mrs. H.—Las a me, Gotly! you are mad! You're insulting an English lord! The idea!—Come, Lenore, come out of the room! *Exit.*

Lenore.—[*To Lackl.*] Do take this chair, and sit up by the fire.

The wind is high to night, and you look cold.

[*Gives him her chair.*]

Lackl.—I thank you. [*Exit Lenore; but as she passes out, Lackl. recognizes in her the lady who had saved him*] It is—it is my savior! God bless thee! God bless thee!

Hon. H.—You are indeed a pious man to say 'God bless thee' to that English coxcomb who would have wronged you. You seem agitated at the commotion your presence has produced. Be seated, sir, it amounts to nothing. But I must tell you I am much and favorably impressed by the feeling your countenance and actions betray. Pray sit down.

Lackl.—Ah, thank you, sir. [*Sits down.*]

Hon. H.—It seems you are seeking work?

Lackl.—Yes, sir.

Hon. H.—And I am much in need of a man to help me. I am a Member of Congress, and I am worked like a dog by my constituents, mailing documents and seeds, writing letters, running to Departments, and receiving delegations of bores on all subjects and at all times, till I feel myself a dog. Can you do that kind of work?

Lackl.—I believe I can, and have the courage to try.

Hon. H.—And when could you begin?

Lackl.—At once—I am even now pressed by hunger.

Hon. H.—Indeed, sir, you look hungry. But stay a moment here, and I will have some food prepared for you.

Exit.

Lackl.—O kind Heaven! it is my gentle savior!

My soul seems bursting with its gratitude!

O happiness supreme, my weaken'd frame

Is tottering beneath thee as a burden!

My ecstasy of bliss is agony!—

Hold! happy man! one backward step may cast

You down again, and in an instant span

The awful gulf that yawns 'tween heaven and hell!

And this my savior's father? kind as she?

And he will give me work? a Member's work?

Before high Heaven, I swear, my rebel name

I'll blot in my devotion to the Union!

Now, born again, I'll live but for my country!

Re-enter HON. HEIDELBERG.

Hon. H.—Come, sir, into the next room, where Aileen will give you your supper.

Lackl.—Thank you, kind sir.

Hon. H.—May I ask you, what is your name?

Lackl.—George Lackland.

Hon. H.—A broad, honest name. I like its sound. But come, Mr. Lackland, and if you do your work well, I can give you steady employment for some time to come.

Lackl.—I thank you. I will labor hard to please you.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A hall in Heidelberg's house.*

Enter HON. and MRS. HEIDELBERG and HOWARD.

Hon. H.—Now, sir, get out of this house as soon as possible. If not, I'll insult you again, but with this cane across your broadcloth. Clear out!

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Gotly! you're crazy!

Hon. H.—Clear out!

Mrs. H.—No, stay! I beg of you!—Gotly, you are mad!

Howd.—Hif I should stwike my 'ead hagaint 'is cane,
hId muss my 'air; hI'd look just like a fwight.
hI'd hagitate myself and flush my face
Vic'h makes me look just like a wulgah Gewman.
Most 'appy to stay longew—but wemembew
hI 'ave, siw, an hengagement fow this houw.
Hexcuse me, siw, hengagements must be kept.

Exit.

Mrs. H.—Goodness-gracious! Gotly! Oh, you old foggy! Las a me! the English lord will resent this insult!

Hon. H.—No, my dear, the coward is afraid to resent an insult, and the knave cannot afford to make a man his enemy, and he is both.

Mrs. H.—Well, just wait, you old foggy—you cuntry 'squire, till I get you up stairs! I'll teach you to insult *my* company at any rate!

Exit.

Hon. H.—The fop! The insolent fop! As the saying is, he gives the old cow a nubbin to kiss the calf. But I'll put a stop to that. It's bad enough to be the dog of your constituents; but to be badgered by this impudent English coxcomb—well, that's putting a tin-kettle to my tail.

Exit.

SCENE V. *Heidelberg's document-room. LACKLAND discovered.*

Laekl.—So I can dream now of the good Lenore.
How pure, how gentle, and how innocent!
Ah, I could love her with a lover's rapture,

But oh, I love her with a sacred love.
 Oh, could I tell her she had sav'd my life,
 And throw me at her feet in gratefulness !
 Alas ! I cannot ! for that instant I am
 No longer the old pious man I seem,
 But a curs'd rebel, outcast, crazy man.

Enter LENORE.

Lenore.—I hope I'm not intruding, Uncle George ?

Lackl.—Ah, no, Lenore : my daily work is done.
 But, gentle girl, why call me Uncle George ?

Lenore.—I have no reason than—I felt it, Uncle !
 You know I'm young and inexperienced ;
 I can confide—advise with nobody ;
 And you're so good and kind to me always ;
 Then let me call you Uncle, and befriend me !

Lackl.—Kind lady, I would do all things for you.
 I would lay down my life for you, which you——
 [*Aside*] My very soul is leaping on my tongue,
 How hard it's then to keep my mouth seal'd up !—
 No ! death, mayhap, is in discovery !

Lenore.—You seem so agitated. Are you sick ?
 Good Uncle, cannot I relieve your pain ?

Lackl.—'Twas but a momentary dizziness.
 No, no, sit down, Lenore, and talk to me.

Lenore.—Good uncle, the confinement weakens you.
 Come walk with me about the park ? I'd like
 To meet again a crazy man I met
 Out on the pavement once. He looked so sad.
 Poor man, he was so haggard and dishearten'd.
 I hope he has quit drinking and recover'd.

Lackl.—What ! do you mean the crazy cove wat spouts ?

Lenore.—The same my father call'd him. I have learn'd
 He has not been about for many days ;
 And all suppose him dead. Poor crazy man.

Lackl.—No ! no ! God bless you, gentle lady ! No !
 The crazy man is——[*Aside*] She remembers me !
 She pities from her heart the maniac !
 Oh, could I tell her this old man is he !
 Oh, could my gratitude find utterance !

Lenore.—I hope he has not died a crazy man,
Abhorr'd, an outcast from society.

Lackl.—No, no ! he is not dead.

Lenore.— You know him then ?

Lackl.—Know *him* ! [*Aside*] Aye ; there's the word !
I do, Lenore.

I also know what you have done for him.
And let me thank you for him for his life,
At least his reason, health, and happiness,
For you, Lenore, have given all to him.
God bless you, lady, for your Christian kindness !

Lenore.—O Uncle George, you overpower me !
Why, I did naught but what my nature prompted,
What anybody else had done, good sir.

Lackl.—What nobody, Lenore, else did for him.

Lenore.—Where is he now, if I have saved his life ?

Lackl.—He is—he is—O gentle lady—he—
He's not been seen about his old haunts since
The morning you redeem'd him from his madness.
No one knows where he is except himself.
He sought you, kind Lenore, for many days,
To throw him at your feet in gratitude.
His cruel madness had obliterated
Your name, and all the circumstances, save
A lady pitied him, and gave him money,
And bade him, go, buy bread and drink no more.
God bless you, good Lenore, that sav'd his life.
A lady pity him a crazy rebel ?
It woke his sleeping mind, and gave him strength
To struggle with and overcome his madness.

Lenore.—I am so happy I have done him good.
I wish I may see him again. Poor man !
I ever shall remember his sad look.—
But come, good uncle, let us walk awhile.
Then tell me more about this crazy man,
I feel the greatest interest in him.

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. H.—Ah, here you are ! Las a me ! Lenore !
what talking to your father's old clerk, on whose ac-

count the English lord was insulted, and driven from the house! The dear soul! I havn't seen him for a week! and there's nobody now to take us to the opera!—The idea! Lenore! Come out of this room immediately. *Exit.*

Lenore.—Excuse me, Uncle George. We'll walk again. *Exit.*

Lackl.—Aye; what a life I've led from infancy.
 How many real persons have I been
 In all my masks and characters thro' life:
 A proud and haughty scholar in my youth;
 An actor in disguise; a rebel soldier;
 A crazy outcast bawling on the streets;
 An aged clerk—good Uncle George, till now
 I can but talk about myself as one
 Whom I but knew—a friend, and nothing more.
 Aye, many lives a man may lead in one.—
 And she feel heartfelt interest in me?
 Lenore, who sav'd my life, and whom I love?—
 Another character I now assume. *Exit.*

A C T I I I .

SCENE I. *A Bridge across the Canal. Moonlight.*

Enter MICKIE and AILEEN.

Mickie.—Only a wee dthrop to make me cooragious at the wake, to-night.

Aileen.—Aye, Mickie, yer a man afther my own heart.

Mickie.—So I am, marvoureen; an' I'd be afther overtakin' it soon, too.

Aileen.—Aye, Mickie, my darlint,—but this is a most shtinkin' place.

Mickie.—Yer right, Aileen, it is. It's the ragin' canawl—the perfumery of Washington—the shwate issince extrahcted from all the dead cats and little naygers in the city, tempered with Congressional debates. Come, come, my darlint, or we'll shnell tomorrow like our bethers. *Exeunt.*

Enter MAJOR BOPP.

Maj. B.—Ha! I ish a prave soltyer! I shallenge der Henglishman, but he ish ein cowart, und nicht fights. Mine gott! ven he pashes dis vay, I vill drown him in der mud. Den I vill tell der doctor, I ish a prave soltyer, und prove it, by dam! Und den—Oh, mine pelly ish ravisht mit bliss! Den I shall vin mine frau-line, Miss Flirtina! [*Conceals himself.*]

Enter HOWARD.

Howd.—Hegad! hit stwikes me as a last wesowt, hI must the hold 'oss flatteh fow 'is daughtew. My hempty puwse—

MAJ. BOPP rushes upon him.

Maj. B.—Cowart! you ish a deat man! Ah, mine gott, you ish drount in der mud! Tunner! I ish as prave ash powder!

Howd.—Police! police!
[*They tussle—both crying out.*]

Re-enter MICKIE and AILEEN.

Mickie.—Whoo! it's the Ditchman batin' the Englishman!

Aileen.—Gorrah! this is better fun than a wake!

Mickie.—Hurroo! foor owld Ireland!

Maj. B.—Ha! mine gott! I drowns you in der mud!

[*Mickie and Aileen engage in the fight, and throw*

Maj. B. into the canal. Howd. runs away.]

Mickie.—He's in his ilimint, darlint, now.

Aileen.—'An 'he's got the dint of my shwate fist in his lift eye, he has.

Mickie.—Come, Aileen, or the police will be afther puttin' us in the inside of the shtone jug.

Aileen.—Shure ! an' I wish thin, we wouldn't find it empty. *Exeunt.*

Enter DR. SQUIRM, with a net attached to a pole, and a bottle to the net.

Dr. Squ.—As I have remarked in the last chapter of my Epistle on Epidemics, the infatuation of science discloses all seeming difficulties to be unsubstantial nonen- [*reads by the moonlight*] nonentities. I am able at midnight to seine this mephitic atmosphere in my zeal to secure [*reaches his net over the bridge*] specimens of cholera animalculæ, which I have determined—Why ! something ponderous is pulling at my newly devised instrument !

Maj. B.—Help ! I ish drowndet in de mud ! Oh !

Dr. Squ.—Attach yourself permanently, I will exert all my physical energy. [*Pulls.*]

Enter MRS. SQUIRM.

Mrs. Squ.—Goodness ! Æsculapius ! what are you doing here at this time of night ?

Dr. Squ.—Rescuing a human being from a total suspension of his vital force by accidental drowning. But whither, Amelia, dear, have you been perambulating ?

Mrs. Squ.—Why, Æsculapius ! do you not know I've been lecturing to-night on Woman's Rights and Universal Suffrage ?

Maj. B.—Help ! bull ! bull !

Dr. Squ.—Assist me, Amelia.

[*Dr. and Mrs. Squ. pull Maj. B. out.*]

Maj. B.—[*Who appears covered with mud, old clothes, tin cans, oyster shells, and a horse-collar around his neck.*] Ah, mine gott, wash ish de matter mit me now !

Mrs. Squ.—Why ! Æsculapius ! it's Major Bopp !—My note-book !

Maj. B.—Doctor Squirm und Mrs. Squirm! Ah! vere ish mine Flirtina now! Ah, mine gott! I ish bewitched!
Exit.

Dr. Squ.—Amelia! this is unmistakably miraculous! Certainly I must incorporate it into the next edition of my Epistle!

Mrs. Squ.—Let us hurry home. I must write an article about it immediately for the periodicals. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in Heidelberg's house.*

Enter LENORE, with a flower in her hand.

Lenore.—The good old man, how feelingly he talks
About his friend the crazy cove wat spouts.
He held this tiny flower in his hand,
And as he told me of the loves of plants,
How, though they're separated by wide fields,
Yet when the busy bee would come to sip
The nectar hid within their cells t' allure,
They—poor dumb flowers as I thought them once—
Would hang their pollen love-vows on his thighs,
And make him the unconscious bearer of
Their mutual secret loves for one another;
Thus as he told me of the loves of flowers,
He interwove so beautiful a tale
Of the poor crazy rebel for a lady,
I could have wish'd within my heart t' 'ave been
The one belov'd myself. He was so good,
So noble and so kind; and she so pure
And innocent, but ignorant of his love,
Which he for her and his sakes must conceal.
Oh, how I love to hear the old man talk
About his friend, who was so heart-broken.
Oh, can I ever meet a man like him,
Whose likeness is imprinted in my mind,
Of whom I think by day and dream by night.
Good Uncle George, how kind he is to me.

Enter HON. HEIDELBERG.

Hon. H.—Ha! ha!—Whew! I havn't laughed before
for a coon's age!

Lenore.—I am so happy, father, to see you in a good humor again.

Hon. H.—Ha! ha! thank you. You see, Lenore, my good clerk has relieved me of my work, so I can talk to my friends now. Ha! ha! and my clever constituents too have been urging me to make them a Buncombe speech! So, what says my daughter to my making a speech?

Lenore.—If you think you could do any good for your country, you ought to try.

Hon. H.—Ha! well, what subject seems to you of the greatest importance?

Lenore.—The restoration of the good old Union, father?

Hon. H.—Well said, Lenore;—and here comes my wife.

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Sarah Jane, I am about to make a speech, what do say to that?

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Gotly! make 'em a tig one! That's what it is to be a Member of Congress! Give it to everybody who doesn't want to make peace, and restore our glorious Union!—But, my dearest, you won't be angry now, when I tell you I have invited the English lord to come up to-night? He is so nice! Las a me! and, think of it! an English lord!

Hon. H.—'He is so nice!' Why, I heard him swear a profane oath, the last time he was here, in the hearing of Lenore!

Mrs. H.—In French!—In French, dearest; and, in polite circles, to swear in French is no profanity. No.—But, las a me! Gotly! make 'em a great big speech! Let 'em know that one and one make two; that the South and the North together make a bigger country than when separate, and more secure and happy! Las a me! Gotly! let 'em get married, the North and the South, and you be the minister to tie the knot. Goodness! yes; let 'em get married and be as happy as we are, Gotly!—But, my dear, las a me! you won't put the English lord out again—will you? when he comes? now, you won't, dear?

Hon. H.—Why, Sarah Jane!

Mrs. H.—Yes; Gotly; make 'em a tremendous speech!—
Now, you won't, dear, will you?

Hon. H.—Oh, Sarah Jane, you would make me do anything.

Mrs. H.—That's right, my dear. You're so good.
Las a me! Yes, Gotly, make 'em a most tremendous speech!

Hon. H.—But, Sarah Jane, if I permit Mr. Howard to come up here again, you must forgive and be kind to my clerk, on whose account I drove him away.

Mrs. H.—Oh, yes. The old man is so good; and you're so good, my dear. Yes, las a me! we'll compromise. Yes, sir, Gotly, make 'em a most tremendous speech!

Lenore.—Ah, mother, I am so glad to hear you say you will forgive my Uncle George. He is so good and kind. If you but knew him, I know you would like him so much.

Mrs. H.—Oh, yes, daughter.—Las, yes, Gotly, give it to the Secessionists from the Constitution and the Laws whoever and wherever they may be! Yes, las a me! you're so kind!—But come, my dears, Aileen is waiting tea for us. Yes;—why, here she's coming for us.

Enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—So I towld thim, and I ax'd thim——

Hon. H.—Well, never mind that, Aileen, but tell us who they are?

Aileen.—Faith, yer honor, an' who wud be foor shtick-in' to yes like a tick but the Yankees?

Hon. H.—Dr. Squirm with his treatise on trichiniasis! and Mrs. Squirm with her appropriation for her philanthropic charity! O heavens!—Aileen, show them into Mr. Lackland's room; he'll attend to them.

Aileen.—Yis, yer honor; an' it were not foor my darlint Mickie, that's in their employmint, I'd be after attendin' to thim mysilf, I would. *Exit Aileen.*

Mrs. H.—Come, come, my dears. [*Exit Hon. H.*]
Yes, Gotly, make 'em a most tremendous speech!—

Come, Lenore, think of marrying an English lord,
and being an English lady! *Exit,*

Lenore.—Alas! alas! and does my mother wish
That I should ever wed this English lord?—
My mother make my life a load of misery?
My mother? No,—she loves her poor Lenore.
Exit.

SCENE III. *Howard's room. Howard discovered at
his toilet with his coat off. Writing material on
table, &c., &c.*

Howd.—Clevew chap! Wat hinguinity hI am gifted
with!—No; this hexquisite lilac necktie is a shade too
delicate fow my wobust fwame —Wemawked hI, Ma-
jow Bopp, you labow hundew a feawful misapwe'en-
sion, hI am youw best fwiend. Clevew chap! Says
hI, Majow, you love Miss Fliwtina, hand I can't ha-
bide 'er! Says 'e, Wat!—waitew, lagew-biew fow
two! Says hI, julep hof peppewmint fow me, hI
pewfectly hab'ow biew. Says 'e, Good.—Waitew,
so!—Wat a most hexquisite mustache 'ave I!—says
hI, hI gives up to you hall my claims hon Miss
Fliwtina. Says 'e, Hah! my habdoman his wavish-
ed with bliss! 'Is wulgawity was pewfectly shocking
to me! But—clevew chap!—says hI, hI am hen-
waptuwed hof 'Eidelbewg's daughtew. Says 'e,
Wat!—waitew, julep hand lagew-biew fow two!—
Phew! this night-blooming-ceweus his pewfectly
hintoxicating!—Then wemawked hI, But Lenowe
pwefews to convewse with 'Eidelbewg's hold clewk 'om
hI can't habide? Says 'e, with a wulgah hoath, hI
is a bwave soldiew! You give me Miss Fliwtina—
hI kills 'im dead! Says hI, pewfectly cool hand com-
posed, No; you would cewtainly be 'ung fow buw-
glawy. My legal knowledge pewfectly hastonished
'im! Says 'e, So! but hI will scawe 'im bad! —Wait-
ew, hanother julep hand lagew-biew!—Ha! clever
chap ham I! 'E pays fow my thwee juleps; hI wid
me of Fliwtina; 'e'll scawe the hold clewk hinto a
fit; hand I vill vin Lenowe suwe pop! Clevew—
clevew chap!—Now, hI must pwactice hon my hode tq

Lenowe.—Wat twoubles clevev hauthows 'ave ! —hI could not call Lenowe a wose—hegad ! she might think hI am a wulgaw gawdenew ! now could hI compawe 'er to a buttewfly—hegad ! the name is so feawfully gweasy ! HIn fact hI could find nothing to suit 'er pewfectly but to stýle 'er, the gwace note hin the hopewa hóf life, the hexquisite note that wavishes my soul. [*Reads before the looking-glass*] hEffulgent cweatuwe, lo ! thou hart the gwace—[*Knocking without*] 'Ow pewfectly dweadful hit would be to meet a wobbew hin dishabile ! [*Lays down paper, puts on coat, and gets out pistol*] hI could shoot the wobbew thwough the doow— but the fwagwance of powdew makes me see blood, hand I newew could habide the colow wed but in 'Ermann's dwess has Mephistophiles. [*Knocking*] hI am so newvvous haftew dwinking tea fow suppev !

Mickie.—[*Without*] It's Mickie O'Grady with a lether foor your worship.

Howd.—Stwange 'ow the happwoach hóf wobbews makes me bwave ! [*Holds the pistol now with a firm hand.*] Wewy stwange ! [*Lays down pistol and opens door.*]

Enter MICKIE.

Hegad ! Mickie, hI came within the most delicate point of shooting you thwough the doow fow a wobbew !

Mickie.—With that impty divil on the table, wud you ?

Howd.—Hegad ! hit's loaded with six wounds !

Mickie.—It is !—But here's a lether from Miss Flirtina. [*Gives Howd. the note, and takes up the pistol.*]

Howd.—[*Reads*] My deawest 'Enwy.—Pwepostewous fool !

Mickie.—Could yer honor be afther payin' me now the fuffy cints yer honor promised me and Aileen foor reshcuin' yes, and toomblin' the Major into the canal, could yes ?

Howd.—You himpudent hIrishman, wat hinsult me !

Mickie.—Aisy now, yer honor. Do you see this divil at yer head! [*Pointing the pistol.*] Pay me now the fufty cints!

Howd.—Ha! the wewolvew his unloaded!

Mickie.—The divil ye say! But it'll foornish me with good shillelah to belt yes over the gab, it will! Pay me the fufty cints!

Howd.—Ah, Mr. O'Gwady, hI am most 'appy to we-wawd you. 'Ewe's a dollaw. [*Gives money.*]

Mickie.—Aye; thank yes. I'd toomble the Ditchman again for the likes o' this. Good morning to ye, the night.

Howd.—Most 'appy to 'ave you call hagain, siw.---But Mr. O'Gwady, 'ave the hextweme kindness to we-place the pistol hon the table.

Mickie.—Ah, yis, yer honor. Ha! ha! It's loaded now, is it, the dirty divil!

Howd.—Ha! yes; hit's fweightd with six wounds.

Mickie.—Thank you, yer honor, thin I'll be feor kay-pin' the divil till I'm beyant the door. *Exit.*

Howd.—Hegad! 'e might 'ave shot me dead! Hit was a most delicate hescape!—Hand, zounds! hI am hout of puwse a dollaw! hand my wewolvew gone! Hegad! hit's a cleaw case of fowgewy!—No!—clevew chap!—hI 'ave it! hI'll wouse the 'ouse! Hattempted hassassination! 'E thought I was ha Senatow! Hassassination! Hegad! hI'll be a mawtyw, and make some capital! Clevew chap! ha second Wade! *Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in Heidelberg's house.*

Enter HON. HEIDELBERG and MRS. H.

Hon. H.—But hear me, Sarah Jane. I cannot make a Radical speech conscientiously: nor can I make a Conservative speech without being eternally damned by my constituents.

Mrs. H.—The idea, Gotly! Let 'em know you've got another damnation beside their's to be afraid of!

Let 'em know that you dare speak right out what you feel to be right and for the welfare of your country! Las a me! let me make it if you are afraid.

Hon. H.—Why, Sarah Jane, I——

Mrs. H.—Let 'em know who you are! and that you are not afraid to say what you conscientiously believe! That's what it is to be a Member of Congress!

Hon. H.—Sarah Jane,—over the left!—Our soldiers now have restored the authority and laws of the United States throughout the South; but in the North we are engaged in a revolution. Fanatics are undermining the fundamental principles of the Constitution by which only we exist as the United States. So if I were to make a speech I could but say——

Mrs. H.—Down with all madmen who would meddle with the Constitution at this critical time! When the South hates the North, and the North hates the South, does anybody in his sane mind suppose that the agreement by which they are hereafter to live in peace, can be altered by one or the other party with impunity! Las a me! Gotly! that's the way to talk, right out as if you meant it!—But, my dear, when I think of it, I wish you would give me fifty dollars or so? won't you?

Hon. H.—Why, my dear, but yesterday, I gave you seventy-five!

Mrs. H.—Well, my dear, you must know this is Washington.—Yes, Gotly, let 'em know what it is to be a Member of Congress! not to be afraid!—Now, won't you dear! just fifty?

Enter GEORGE LACKLAND.

Lackl.—I hope I am not interrupting.

Hon. H.—Oh, no!—no interruption, Mr. Lackland.

Mrs. H.—[*Aside*] I suppose I can now consider my money-cake dough!

Lackl.—Sir, knowing that you were about to make a speech, and knowing also from our conversations that our views coincide about the principal topics of the

day, to save you the labor, I have written a speech, which I beg leave to submit to you, and if it pleases you,—it is your own. [*Hands him a roll of paper.*]

Hon. H.—Ah, thank you, Mr. Lackland—a thousand thanks. You anticipate me in all my wants.

Mrs. H.—Yes, las a me! You are so kind! No wonder daughter loves her Uncle George, you are so good and kind.

Lackl.—You say, your daughter loves me?

Mrs. H.—Why yes, las a me! so she says. You're so good to her; so happy when you see her; and always teaching her something. Yes, las a me! she thinks all the world of her Uncle George.

Lackl.—It makes me very happy to hear you say so. [*Aside*] Kind heaven can it be!

Mrs. H.—Yes, so shesays, she loves her Uncle George. —But, my dear, what is in the speech?

Hon. H.—Sarah Jane, though I have read but a few sentences, I can say it is a wonderful production.—Mr. Lackland, your bold appealing devotion to the Union, has given me courage for one, and, I warrant, it will be applauded by the country.

Lackl.—Thanks, kind sir. But in your applause, I will take my only reward. I hope you will excuse me.

Exit.

Hon. H.—My dear, this old clerk is a very remarkable man. But hear me read you the heads of his chapters——

Mrs. H.—Yes, las a me! he is a wonderful man.—But, my dear, I hope you hav'nt forgot the fifty dollars?

Hon. H.—But hear how he begins——

Mrs. H.—Wonderful!—But, my dear, just fifty?

Hon. H.—And thus he concludes——

Mrs. H.—Wonderful! truly prodigious!—But, my dear, the fifty?

Hon. H.—Oh, Sarah Jane, you'd worry out the nine lives of a cat in as many minutes. Here, take the money.

Mrs. H.—[*Taking the money*] Ah, thank you,—you're so kind.—Yes, Gotly! he is a most prodigious man! [*Aside*] What's the use of having patriotism and praise if you can't make it pay? *Exit.*

Hon. H.—He has given me a very wonderful speech! What a noble old clerk I have! *Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Terrace on the West front of the Capitol. After sunset. Music in the distance.*

Enter HOWARD and MAJOR BOPP.

Maj. B.—O mine gott, I ish a prave man! I vill throw 'im ober dis railing into der yart pelow, und smash 'im all into little pits! Tunner! I ish prave!

Howd.—Hegad! no! Majow! You must not commit buwglawy; you will be 'ung suwe pop.

Maj. B.—Den I vill sheare 'im pad! I vill say, holt! I ish der Secretary of Var! Tunner! put dat vill sheare 'im!

Howd.—Yes; but wemembew, you must not commit buwglawy. [*They conceal themselves.*]

Enter LACKLAND and LENORE.

Lenore.—Oh, tell me more. I drink in every word; But still my soul is thirsting. Pray, go on.

Lackl.—'Twas here the one-time rebel crazy cove,
Brought this kind lady whom he so ador'd.
The sun had set; and yonder murky stream,—
As we now see down through this aisle of trees,—
Reflecting back the colors of the sky,
Seem'd all of gold—a stream of liquid gold.
And e'en as now, it was the dusky gloaming.
The air was fragrant with the breath of flowers.
Sweet music too was gliding thro' the air,
And ever and anon they seem'd to jar—
The fragrance and the music in mid air—
As struggling for the belt of greater sweetness.
Oh, could he tell her how he lov'd her, now!
Oh, could he tell her how her innocence,

Her loving gentleness, and purity,
 Had stol'n within the recess of his bosom,
 And of his gratitude to her hid there,
 Carv'd out a statue of the truest love.
 Oh, could he now disclose his love to her !
 No, no ; he ne'er would see her face again ;
 And, driven from her, die, alone, unknown.
 And she—good lady—stands in silence by,
 And turns a greedy ear to his discourse.
 How little does she dream that he loves her.

Lenore.—But, Uncle George, what did he say to her ?

Lackl.—No more could he, than I now say to you.

Lenore.—Oh, Uncle George, had I but been that lady,
 And e'en as gentle, good, and pure, as she,
 I had risk'd all—my life and fortune—to
 Have had the love of such a noble man.
 Such honest, heartfelt love must prosper well.
 Oh, Uncle dear, had I but been the lady——

Lackl.—God bless you, gentle lady ! you are she ;
 And I, whom you have lov'd as Uncle George,
 Your father's clerk,—I am the crazy cove,
 Whom you have sav'd and whom you've learn'd to
 love,
 And to confess it now to him, himself. [*Kneels.*]

Lenore.—God save me !—can it be !—my Uncle George
 The crazy cove disguis'd !—and I deceiv'd !—

Lackl.—No ; God condemn me if I have deceiv'd
 You—I who owe my life to you, Lenore,
 Oh, could I ever wrong—deceive you ? Never !

Lenore.—Yes, I have said it, and I felt it, too ;
 I lov'd you as my father's good old clerk ;
 I lov'd you as the crazy cove I sav'd ;
 I'll doubly love you now since you are both.
 O noble George !——

Howd. and Maj. B. rush upon Lackland.

Howd.—Villain ! madman !

Maj. B.—Holt ! you crazy man ! you ish dead ash nits !

Lenore.—[*Shrieking*] May God preserve you !
 [*Faints.*]

Lackl.—Away! you spawn of hell! away!

[*They rush together and fight.*]

Maj. B.—Ober de railing! kill 'im deat! the crazy villain! Smash 'im deat!—Oh, oh, mine gott! mine jzhaw ish proke! [*Gets out of the scuffle*] Mine gott, wash ish de matter mit me now! Ah, mine jzhaw ish proke! Oh, I ish bewitched! Gott in himmel! bewitched! und oh, mine jzhaw! *Exit.*

[*Lackl. and Howd. wrestle and tussle for a moment, Lackl. then hurls Howd. over the railing. Deep groans succeed his fall.*]

Lackl.—A groan!—O God, and have I killed the man!

[*Comes forward, kneels, and raises Lenore upon his knee.*]

O my beloved, fare you well! farewell!

A murderer's deep brand now scars my brow!

Farewell, O gentle savior of my life!

Oh, could she speak, before I leave her here,

One word!—her voice I ne'er may hear again!

Farewell! O my belov'd Lenore, farewell!

[*Kisses her, as the curtain slowly falls.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A parlor in Heidelberg's house.*

HON. and MRS. HEIDELBERG and AILEEN discovered.

Aileen.—Ah, who would have thought that the poor dear crayther had a heart so overflowin' with love, at all, at all! Poor darlint! she floong her arms around my neck, and sobbin' as her heart would shplit,—Where is my noble George? Oh, is he safe? she cried. He is, shwate soul, said I—I could not shpake at all, at all, foor waypin'. And when, poor

tinder darlint, she got within the Convint walis, she shtaggered, and groped about, as if her very silf was lost, and she was faylin for it. Ah, poor, dear, Lenore,—my shwellin', heavin heart is squaysin' out my tears for her.

Mrs. H.—Ah, Gotly dear, cheer up! [The crazy man has gone. He dare not face the warrant for his arrest. The villain in disguise! he might have murdered us all asleep!—Ah, Aileen, go and see the Doctor, and learn how is the English lord's broken arm? Dear soul, to risk his life to rescue my daughter from the clutches of a crazy man!]

Aileen.—Aye; he got the divil's own fall.—Gorrah! but the owld man was a laddybuck! He gave the Ditchman a daycent welt across the gob, he did.

Mrs. H.—The noble German! to save my daughter's honor!—Go, Aileen, go! [*Exit Aileen.*] Why, Gotly dear, cheer up! The crazy rebel's gone. Lenore will soon forget him.

Hon. H.—[*Who has been pacing to and fro.*] Never! Sarah Jane, nor I!

Mrs. H.—Nonsense! not forget a raving rebel! The idea!

Hon. H.—He may have been a rebel once, but since he's been my clerk, a bolder, truer patriot never breathed than he.

Mrs. H.—Yes; las a me! he would have carried off our daughter! and what more he would have done, he and the devil know.

Hon. H.—Ah, dear Lenore, that she should ever be deceitful to her old father who loves her as his life.

Mrs. H.—The idea! Gotly! Do you suppose she knew that her Uncle George was the crazy rebel? Never!

Hon. H.—I hope she did not.

Mrs. H.—Never! Las a me! never! The rebel villian is the only one that has deceived me!

Hon. H.—He may have been a villain. So much the worse for me. Ah, Sarah Jane, do you see that large

pile of letters? They are the heartfelt thanks of my countrymen to me, for his speech.

Mrs. H.—The idea! What need you care about that! Las a me! Gotly! That's what it is to be a Member of Congress, to buy great speeches ready made, and get all the credit for them yourself.

Hon. H.—No, Sarah Jane! I have some honor left. How then can I receive the thanks and praises which belong to another? Oh, every man that takes me by the hand to thank me, seems to clutch my very heart. A villian, say you? O God, that I should rob a poor damned villian of the honors which might have made him an honest man!—No! by heaven! he was not a villain! No! Sarah Jane, he was a wise and noble patriot, a man of goodness and feeling.

Mrs. H.—Yes! a good man! he was taken in the act of violating your daughter!

Hon. H.—Who say so?

Mrs. H.—Why, both the English lord and the German count who rescued her.

Hon. H.—They lie! Damme! they lie!

Mrs. H.—They say they'll swear to it on oath.

Hon. H.—And perjure themselves before both man and God! No! Sarah Jane; read you that speech, and ask yourself then,—Could he, who made it for me, and thereby heralded my humble name throughout the country, till I am almost smothered with the congratulations and blessings of thousands, showered upon me,—could he, who has done this good for me, then wrong me basely as if he were a fiend? No! no! they lie!

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Gotly! you're mad!—You did not say so when we found our daughter swooning in the arms of the German count,—her pale, white cheek bedaubed with blood which trickled from his mangled face! You did not say he lied, when by the candle light flickering wildly, you saw the bloody, grizzly, mangled face of the brave rescuer, as he gave to you your daughter—safe! untouched! unstained! You

did not say he lied, when—Hark! a groan! a dying groan! when down below stretched on some ragged rocks we found the bleeding body of the English lord, and as we carried him away, his broken arm hung loosely down, dragging along the ground, marking our track with his warm blood, shed freely to preserve our daughter from the brutal designs of a crazy wretch! Aye! you said not then they lied! No! no! but when their ghastly wounds were dressed, you cried to one, God bless you, sir, you are a noble man! and to the other, God be praised; O preserver of my daughter's honor! if worthy of you, take her—she is yours! Aye; you said not then they lied!

Hon. H.—They lie! Damme! they lie,—else my daughter lies in every word and act! And oh, when I believe Lenore is false, my soul be damned in deepest hell. She loves my good old clerk—he cannot be a villain! She pleads for him—he never could have wronged her!

Mrs. H.—Infatuation! Gotly! Las a me! she's young—knows nothing of the world—is innocent—and now deceived. Infatuation, Gotly, nothing more!—Ah, here's Aileen.

Re-Enter AILEEN.

How is the noble rescuer of my daughter?

Hon. H.—Ah, dear Lenore!—Heavens!—was it revenge in him! I stole my old clerk's honors! Would he avenge him them upon my only daughter! My brain's on fire! My heart is wrung! O God, am I the guilty one!

Exit.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! the old fool!—But, Aileen, how is the English lord feeling to-day?

Aileen.—Bether, yer ladyship, bether. He has his arm shplintered and about his neck in a shling. And Dr. Squirm is there, he is; an' he said it is a clear case of cholera. An' Mrs. Squirm is there, an' readin' a Greek paper to him. An' Miss Flirtina is there, an' bawlin' an' goin' on about the English lord as—

Mrs. H.—The idea! the jealous thing! Hold! Aileen; or you'll drive me mad! The jealous thing! Las a me! Come!

Excunt.

SCENE II. *A hall in Heidelberg's house.*

Enter HOWARD, with arm in sling, and MAJOR BOPP, with patch on chin.

Maj. B.—Ha! ha! it ish pully! pully ike!

Howd.—Ha!—You see my hassassination pwoject didn't succeed. They awe too common in Washington. Then my hode, hundew the ciwcumstances, vas not—hof couwse could not be hexpected to be hapweciated. Then fowtune favowed us——

Maj. B.—Yaw! proke your arm! und proke mine jzhaw!

Howd.—Hegad! Wat! Do you get the coloneley fwom 'Eidelbewg fow that? Do you not vin Miss Fliwtina nw?

Maj. B.—Ho!—Yaw! Ha! mine pelly ish ravisht mit bliss!

Howd.—Hanā if I 'ave my harm bwoke, vill hit not weccvew? Hand do I not get Lenowe now, hand 'er 'alf a million? eh?—But Majow, bit stwikes me Miss Lenowe hexpects to meet the cwazy man hagain.

Maj. B.—Mine gott, what foor den you not let me kill 'im? eh?

Howd.—Ha! tut hI 'ave a pwoject; we'll kill 'em now!

Maj. B.—Tunner! ish he here! Oh, mine gott, wash ish de matter mit me now!

Howd.—Ha! you do not hundewstand.

Maj. B.—Gott in himmel, vere ish he? Let me at 'im! Tunner! I ish prave ash powder! I kills 'im dead, py dam!

Howd.—Ha! you do not compwe'end.

Maj. B.—Yaw; I nichts furstay; aber I ish prave ash pully!

Howd.—You see, Majow, 'e his a cwazy man.

Maj. B.—Yaw! goot!

Howd.—Hand hundew the hexcitement, and suffewing fwom the wounds he weceived——

Maj. B.—Mine gott! how I did cut 'em pad!

Howd.—Yes; you told 'im you vewe the Secwetawy of Vaw?

Maj. B.—Nay! nay! none of dat—no jzhoking, my goot friend!

Howd.—Ah, pawdon me.—You see, 'e 'as gone mad hagain, hand dwown'd, 'imself.

Maj. B.—In de canal? in de mud?—Pooh! Tunner und blitzen, I shmells pad yet!—Put did he kill 'imself? He wash afeart of me, py dam!

Howd.—Ha! you do not hundewstand. 'E his not dead, but hI vill wite hit so—eh? 'Ere take this papew, hand give hit to the pwintew, had tell 'im to publish hit hin to-mowwow's Chwonicle—eh? [*Gives paper*] Hand ven she sees that 'e his dwown'd, she vill cwiy no doubt haftew the most happwoved Pawis style, but haftew that——

Maj. B.—You ish a prave man! She will den be your frau!
Exit.

Howd.—Clevew—clevew chap! hI was bown to be ha speculatow in hoil, hor a hawmy cowwespondent!

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! has the German count gone already?

Howd.—Ah, yes; 'e 'ad an hengagement.

Mrs. H.—Well, never mind.—Ah dear soul, that you should risk your precious life to save my dear Lenore!

Howd.—Ah, thank you.—But hI am in a most cwitical condition now.

Mrs. H.—Ah, yes, dear soul; and how my daughter ought to love her rescuer—you were so brave.—But, las a me! she is still inconsolable about the crazy villain who would have robbed her of her honor. The Convent walls have not shut out her thoughts about him. She even prays to meet him again! The idea!

Howd.—Nevev! nevev!—Ah, hI am pewfectly hagitated!

Mrs. H.—Why, my dear soul, what's the matter with you?

Howd.—Ah!—Vy, don't you know wat 'as 'appened?

Mrs. H.—Las a me! no! What?

Howd.—Ah, hit's feawful! You'll wead hit in the newspaperw.

Mrs. H.—Goodness! what is it?

Howd.—The cwazy cove, hin a wecuwence of 'is madness, dwown'd 'imself last night hin the Potomac.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Poor old man! I feel so sorry for him!

Howd.—Sowwy? [*Aside*] Hit stwikes me hI am in a box!

Mrs. H.—Poor man! my husband will go mad when he hears this.

Howd.—Wat would 'e 'ave done if the cwazy man had killed me wen hI wescued 'is daughtew fwom 'is bwutal wasp?—eh? Wemembew, 'e bwoke my wight hawm! Sowwy fow the cwazy villain?—eh? He-gad! hI 'ad not wisked my life if—

Mrs. H.—O noble sir, don't be offended! Las a me! I am not sorry for the crazy man!

Howd.—Wemembew, hI am in a pewfectly dangewous condition, hand I cannot be hexcited.

Mrs. H.—Oh, yes, dear soul.—Las a me! I am so glad he's drowned himself. Lenore will soon forget him now, and love you all the more. Las, yes, let us go and tell my husband the good news!

Howd.—No! no! hI 'ave a pwoject. Hit must be kept a secwet fwom 'im.—You know that fow some hunaccountable weason, Mr. 'Eidelbewg does not pewfectly love me—

Mrs. H.—The idea! not love the brave rescuer of his daughter!

Howd.—So we must contwive to suwpwize them hat the same time. Then youw 'usband will say, 'Is guilty conscience made 'im commit suicide. Then Lenowe will doubtless cwya little. But 'er fathew will say to

'er, My daughtew deaw, the villain his dead; but 'ere is the noble man 'o saved youw honow, Siw 'Enwy 'Owawd, let 'is wewawd be youw 'and hand 'eart this wewy day—eh?

Mrs. H.—Las a me! dear soul! You are so noble and nice! Ah, yes; you have my consent already!

Howd.—[*Aside*] Cleview chap!—[*Sighing*] Ah! ah!

Mrs. H.—Goodness! we'll tell her to-morrow!—Why, what's the matter?

Howd.—hI am so newvous! Wemembew my cwitical condition!—Ah, hI must go to-mowwow to Baltimowe hon banking business. You know since my hawm is bwoke hI cannot sign my dwafts; hand in my hanxiety fow my hadowable Lenowe, hI 'ave become perfectly hembawwassed. Ah! hI must wepay you. hI am hundew so many hobligations fow the last fifty—

Mrs. H.—Las a me! never mind that!—And goodness! you can't go to Baltimore to-morrow with your arm broken, and delay your marriage with my daughter! The idea!—Las a me! here's a fifty dollar bill and if that [*Gives him money*] won't relieve you—What, the savior of my daughter want money? Come in to my husband, and he will give you another fifty? Come, dear soul!

Howd.—Ah, thank you; most 'appy.—[*Aside*] hI wathew think hI 'ave no hothew hengagement now.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! my son-in-law, an English lord, want money? Come. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in a Convent. Lenore discovered sad and pale.*

Lenore.—No! no! my father and my mother love me,
They cannot then be cruel to me—No.
But why—why am I hid within these walls?
Why am I separated from their loves
In this my hour of deepest misery?
And oh, why am I torn from my dear George?
Alas! why do they treat me thus? I know not!

Enter HON. and MRS. HEIDELBERG and HOWARD.

Mrs. H.—Lenore, my child,—what, weeping yet!

Hon. H.—My daughter dear, come to my arms.

Lenore.—My father and my mother !

[*They embrace in turn.*]

Hon. H.—Ah, Lenore, I had hopes to find you happier to-day.

Mrs. H.—Las a me ! she'll soon be happy.—But Lenore, here's your brave rescuer, welcome him.

Howd.—Ah, Miss Lenowe, hI am most 'appy to see you hagain. Hit was ha feawfully desepwate attack !

Lenore.—[*Bows to him.*] [*Aside*] Alas ! what do they mean !

Mrs. H.—Las a me ! it was a terrible assault.—But [*to Howd.*] dear soul, tell her now the good news.

Lenore.—And is my noble George both well and safe ?
Oh mother where is he ? Oh, is he here ?
And can I see him ? Oh, I'm happy now !

Mrs. H.—The idea ! Lenore ! What, talk thus about the villain !

Lenore.—O mother, if you love me, say not so ;
You pierce me to the heart to call him villain.

Mrs. H.—Ah, daughter dear, I would not wound your feelings for the world. Forgive me, dear.

Lenore.—Then tell me, mother, what's the news ?
Oh, is he well and safe ? Pray God he is !

Mrs. H.—Alas ! Lenore, I cannot—I cannot. [*Weeping.*]

Lenore.—Kind Heaven assist me now ! my fears [re-
double,

And crowd, and trample down my struggling hope!—
O father, tell your daughter, what means this ?
Oh, tell me the good news my mother speaks of ?

Hon. H.—Alas ! Lenore, I have no news of him.—But come to me, my dear. Why do you love this man ?

Lenore.—I know my father loves his poor Lenore,
And cannot then be cruel or unkind to her,
But asks her from his heart to tell him all ?

Hon. H.—I do, Lenore.

Lenore.—Well, father dear, he is, as 'twere my child ;
 His life I gave him, as you gave me mine ;
 I love him then as you love your Lenore.
 He then in guise of your old, honest clerk,
 With goodness, kindness, gentleness to all,
 Did win my love for him as Uncle George.
 Then as he told me of the crazy man,
 (Who was himself though then unknown to me,)
 His checker'd life of misery and bliss,
 And e'en of love for one, who was myself,
 I learn'd to love him as my very life.
 And, father dear, you know his worth and truth.

Hon. H.—Aye ; daughter ; I believed him wise and good, and loved him too. But, they say he would have robbed you of your honor ?

Lenore.—Have robbed me of my honor ! Who says so ?

Hon. H.—Alas ! darling ; I have heard none say to the contrary but myself.

Lenore.—Oh, could he, who was love itself to me,
 In ev'ry gentle word and gentler action,
 Who was my father's willing, slaving clerk,
 To thank—to love the savior of his life,
 Oh, could he ever wrong me basely ? Never !

Hon. H.—Alas ! my daughter, I have fears he would. I robbed him of his honors—revenge !—But, O God ! why not on me the guilty one !

Mrs. H.—Ah, daughter, in your swoon, you did not see the frightful, bloody scene ! You could not see the madman in the brutal act !

Howd.—'Ere his a bwocken harm to vittness 'is bloody willainy !

Lenore.—My hair with blood was clotted, and my cheek
 Bedaub'd with bloody drops—aye, all was blood ;
 But that to me was confirmation of
 The love and courage of my Uncle George,
 And not the witness of his villainy.
 No ! no ! My Uncle George, who lov'd me so,
 He could not wrong the innocent Lenore.

Mrs. H.—Ah, daughter, you are deceived. Infatuation destroys your reason.

Hon. H.—Your love for him, like mine, blinds you, Lenore.

Howd.—Ah, hit was a feawful hencountew ! 'Ad the Gewman count hand I not been within 'eawing, the cwazy wetch 'ad wiolated youw pewson.

Mrs. H.—They'll swear to this, and all the circumstances will confirm their oath.

Lenore.—O God, forgive them: they speak false of him !—

O father, could a villain most accurs'd
E'er wrong the savior of his life ? And she
So innocent as to hang about his neck,
And wipe away the tear that trickled o'er
His cheek, when she would kiss her Uncle George ?
No ! no ! he could not wrong his lov'd Lenore !

Hon. H.—Never ! Lenore, never !

Mrs. H.—Alas ! my dears, you know not what you say !

Howd.—Hegad ! his this the wewawd fow wisking my life, hand 'aving my hawm bwoked !

Hon. H.—But if you've lied in this—damme !—

Mrs. H.—Las a me ! Gotly ! you are mad !

Howd.—Hegad ! ham I to be hinsulted ?—Do you not know 'e 'as confessed 'is cwime ?

Hon. H.—Who ?

Howd.—The cwazy man ! hand dwowned 'imself, too, ch ?

Mrs. H.—Yes ; las a me ! the villain drowned himself in the Potomac last night !

Lenore.—Kind Heaven ! let my love for him atone his sin !

Hon. H.—And have I driven him to this deed ! O God, forgive me !

Mrs. H.—Las a me ! Lenore !—The idea, Gotly !

Howd.—But heaw me wead this hin the Chwonicle.
[Reads] Man dwowned.—Geowge Lackland, well known as the cwazy cove wat spouts, hand the willain who committed the dawing and bwutal hassault upon the daughtew of Honowable Gotlieb 'Eidelbewg, hin

a fit of phwensy last night, confessed 'is cwime, by dwoining 'imself hin the Potomac. 'Is body 'as not yet been weccovewed.—[*Aside*] Clevew chap!

Hon. H.—Gnaw! gnaw! remorse, my guilty heart!
and if thou hast claws, clutch it, and hold it reeking
in thy talons, before my burning eyes, that I may see
its crime-blackened core!

Lenore.—And he is dead!—O heavenly Saviour,
Save thou his soul, as I did save his life;
And love him with Thy love as I—poor I—
Oh,—mother—father—help!—farewell—farewell!
[*Faints in the arms of her mother.*]

Mrs. H.—Merciful heaven! my child is dying!

Hon. H.—Die in thy love, Lenore, and go to Heaven;
I'll die in guilt—farewell—we part for ever!

Howd.—[*Aside*] Hegad! hI vish hI 'ad 'ad an hen-
gagement fow this houw!

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of Dr.
Toner's office. Lackland discovered leaning on
hitching-post which represents a negro boy
holding out his hand with a ring in it.*

Lackl.—For seven weary days thus have I stood,
Insensible to all the world without
As if I were this metal negro here
That silent stands, and holds his eager hand
To catch what chance may put within his grasp;
But not a clue of my poor lost Lenore
Yet have I found.—Where is that magic heart
That chang'd this world of misery and woe—
Nay, hell of raving madness, rage, and crime,

Into a heav'n of happiness and love?—
 Alas!—why did my anger banish thought?
 Why did I hurl the coward from the wall?
 Thank God, I did not kill him as I thought
 I had, and fled as guilty of a murder!

Enter TAD, a newsboy.

Tad.—Evening Star!—Veto to the Civil Rights Bill!—
 I have a Star, sir? only three cents? last copy, sir?

Lackl.—Yes. Boy, take the money. [*Buys paper.*] It
 is a consolation to read the flattering comments on
 my speech.

Tad.—Thank you. [*Strikes a Canterbury.*]

Lackl.—Ah, you can dance, I see?

Tad.—Yes,—only five cents—beat Mulligan all hollow!

Lackl.—Well, my boy, give me a dance.

My heart is sad; his merriment may relieve me.

Tad.—[*Calling.*] Hello! Bob! come an' pat for me?

Enter bootblack BOB, very finely dressed.

Bob.—Can't do it, Tad—not in the biz. now.

Tad.—Blazes! Bob, where did you get all the good
 clothes? Fire last night? eh?

Bob.—No, sah, Tad; I comes under de Freedmen's
 Bureau Bill? Yah! hyah! Don't you wish you was
 a niggah, Tad?

Enter oysterboy STEVE, blowing his horn.

Steve.—Hyar's yur nice fresh oysters!—Gor a'mighty!
 Bob, whar's you workin' now? all dem fine clo'es?

Bob.—I tells you, Stebe, I b'longs to de Freedmen's
 Bureau.

Steve.—Golly! dar was some nice clo'es in de drawers
 den if you got dese dar!

Bob.—Got 'em for nuffin too! gets all my grub for
 nuffin, too! Better jine in wid me. Ye's black—
 come along. *Exit.*

Tad.—No; hold on, Steve, and pat for me? Pat up
 Juba.

Steve.—All right! drive ahead!—Golly! wat nice clo'es dat niggah do weah. Gum! I thought afore a niggah weah all the clo'es he got on his back, an' no need of a bureau! Guess not, dough, now!

[*Steve pats, Tad dances; passers by stop; amongst others Maj. Bopp who remains after the dancing is over.*]

Lackl.—Thank you, boys. Here divide this between you. [*Gives money.*]

Tad and Steve.—Thank you. *Exeunt.*

Maj. B.—Dat boy ish a goot dancer—eh?

Lackl.—[*Aside.*] What! this the German who attacked me!

Maj. B.—Dat boy ish a goot dancer—eh?

Lackl.—Yes. [*Aside.*] Zounds! I could throttle him!

Maj. B.—I see you buys a paper. Do you not know the news? I shows 'im to you. [*Points to paragraph in paper.*]

Lackl.—You refer to this speech of Heidelberg?

Maj. B.—No! mine gott!—but read dat. [*Points again.*]

Lackl.—Heavens! what is this! [*Reads*] Copied from the Chronicle—George Lackland—crazy cove—committed daring and brutal assault upon the daughter of Honorable Gottleib Heidelberg—phrenzy---confessed crime by drowning himself—body not recovered! [*Partly aside.*] Heavens! accuse me of brutally assaulting her!

Maj. B.—Ish not dat goot? He wash afear't of me!

Lackl.—Why, who are you?

Maj. B.—Mine gott! I ish der prave soltyer who resh-cued her! Py dam, I cut 'im pad!

Lackl.—And you say he assaulted her?

Maj. B.—Tunner! I wash dere! I saw 'im mit dese eyes! He shtruck 'er down! Den I rushed in, und grabbed 'im by de throat, und hollered, Holt! Holt! I stabs you in de pelly mit mine swort! Oh, I ish a prave man! I cut 'im pad!

Lackl.—And you published this article in the paper?

Maj. B.—No! mine gott! de brinter does dat! I gibs 'im de writing, und I says, brint dat! Tunner! I ish a prave soltyer, und nichts ein brinter!

Lackl.—[*Taking him by the throat.*] Liar! villian! know I am George Lackland! the crazy man!

Maj. B.—Oh, mine gott! wash ish der matter mit me now!

Lackl.—Down on your knees you cursed liar! What, tell me to my face you rescued from my brutal grasp my own Lenore? and publish this? that I am dead? to break her heart? Down on your knees and beg for life, you cowardly liar!

Maj. B.—Tunner! I ish bewitched! bewitched!

Lackl.—[*Shaking him*] You rescue her? you stab me with your sword? I drown myself in fear of you?—Go! paltry coward! [*Pushes him over on his back.*]

Maj. B.—O mine faderland! ish der pavement risin' von der grout too! Und on mine pack! Oh, I ish bewitched! demoralized und bewitched! *Exit.*

Lackl.—This then the secret of the great reward for my arrest! Come! here am I! I spurn the charge. No! the dastard liars! they dare not expose their villainy! O Heaven! that so much misery should be cast upon us by the cowardice and lies of paltry villains! This then their scheme? Why was I so unsuspecting! I knew these men were cowards—why did I not then know that they would lie, pile lie on lie, but that their cowardice should be concealed! But—assault Lenore to violate her person? I ne'er had dreamed that man could frame that lie, or knowing us, believe it for an instant!—But, a crazy rebel in disguise!—Aye! there's the womb that gave the lie its birth!

Enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—An' could you tell me, sir, where Dr. Toner lives about here?

Lackl.—What! Aileen?

Aileen.—Yis—but can you tell me, sir?

Lackl.—Do you not know me, Aileen?

Aileen.—No.—The devil take you with your foolin' now!
—But tell me where is Dr. Toner?

Lackl.—[*Aside*] Like the German, she never saw me but as the crazy cove and the old clerk. Thanks—I may now learn all.—Dr. Toner lives here. But what's the matter, Aileen?

Aileen.—Sure! an' dinna ye know my masther's daughter is dyin'?

Lackl.—Lenore! O God!

Aileen.—Ah, yis; she heard bad news; her heart is split—poor, tinder darlint!—But till me, where is Dr. Toner?

Lackl.—There! up those stairs! Quick, Aileen, quick!

Aileen.—Thank yes.

Exit.

Lackl.—Oh, have then the calumny and lies of these damn'd villains murdered my beloved Lenore through my delay in fear of an arrest? Come madness now again and turn my flashing thoughts into as many lightning darts to pierce my soul for aye! Come! change my crowding thoughts into a troop of fiends to goad me from this earth to hell! Ah, here you are, damned crew! Now pluck my guilty heart from out my breast and tear it with your poisoned fangs among you while it bleeds and palpitates! What! are ye cowards, too? Here, take my burning brain and kindle up your courage! What! and do ye fear the flame! Ye poor damned cowards! back to hell! and learn to brave its fire! Back! back! ye cringing knaves!

Re-enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—Faith, an' the doctor is not at home at all, at all!—Ah, the poor, shwate soul is dyin'.

Lackl.—Lenore! Where is she? Oh, take me to her?

Aileen.—An' are yes a doctor?

Lackl.—I am!—Oh, take me to her!

Aileen.—Then come!—Good sir, you have a tinder heart! Come, darlint, come, and save the dear Lenore!

Lackl.—With Heaven's help.—Go, Aileen, go!

Exeunt.

Re-enter TAD, (among other passers-by.)

Tad.—Evening Star! Second Edition! *Exit.*

Re-enter STEVE, blowing his tin horn.

Steve.—Hyar's your nice fresh Freedmen's oysters Bureau! Hyar's your nice fresh clo'es——oysters!

Exit.

Enter Howard.

Howd.—Hegad! hit stwikes me hI am hin a pwetty box if Lenowe should die! Wewe is 'er 'alf ha million then, hin or hout hof my puwse! eh? hI wondew weally!

Enter DR. and MRS. SQUIRM.

Doctow, do you think she will wecovew?

Dr. Squ.—Irrevocably never! Most remarkable case of trichiniasis on record! But when I pronounced this to the Honorable Member, he was so delirious, as actually to eject me forcibly from the house with his boot, and to send for another of the Faculty! But I shall nevertheless publish an elaborate history of the case in the next edition of my Epistle on Epidemics!

Mrs. Squ.—And when I would have read a tract to the dying girl, her mother pulled my hair, and told me to go along about my business! What depravity! But I have full notes of the whole transaction for the newspapers. Come Æsculapius. *Exeunt.*

Howd.—Hegad! ha pewfectly hextwaowdinawy case! Hand wat if it be not mended? eh? My wight hawm bwoke! hand not heven my bill fow pewfumewy paid!

Re-enter MAJOR BOPP,

Maj. B.—Mine gott! de crazy man ish not drownt! He kills you deat! He ish alive und shtrong ash pully!

Howd.—Ha! you do not hundewstand!

Maj. B.—I niechts furshtay! py dam! But he ish not drownt! You finds dat out ven he gets you by der neck!

Howd.—Ha! ha! you do not compwe'end! 'E his ddowned has Bwigadiews were killed duwing the waw—hin the papews—eh?

Maj. B.—Yaw, py dam, so you finds out! You show 'im deat in der paper, und he vill show you 'im alive in der Vashington.

Howd.—Wewe did you see 'im?

Maj. B.—Here! mine gott, he wash djust here!

Howd.—Hegad!—Ah, hI wemembew now hI 'ave an hengagement. Most 'appy to meet 'im 'ere, but hengagements must be kept. *Exit.*

Maj. B.—Yaw! put he not kills you in der papers, py dam, ven he kills you! *Exit.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the Convent.*

Enter LACKLAND.

Lackl.—Are then our threads of life so knit by love,
So interwoven in one common web,
That e'en the counterfeit of Atropos,
Snapping her futile scissors at my thread,
Should cut the life of my belov'd Lenore?
So closely love entwines two lives in one!
Aye; had delay her careless fetters lock'd,
And kept me patient captive for an hour,
I had not check'd her tearing, parting thread,
And giv'n her double strength—'He is not dead!'
She had not heard—nor had I those words said!

Enter LENORE.

Lenore.—Ah, doctor, do not gruffly frown on me—
Oh, do not treat me harshly if I ask—

Lackl.—The index of my mind, and not my heart,
Is graven in the furrows of my frown.
Your life and his depend upon your silence.

Lenore.—But tell me, doctor, how is George to-day?
The news will lodge forever in my heart,
Nor wish to wander to my simpler tongue.

Lackl.—More hopeful than when you last saw him.—Go!
I would not longer be so cruel.—Go!
Then he is well as I—go! patient, go!

Lenore.—Then he is well. Thanks, dearest doctor,
thanks.

To howl those words were music to my ear.

Enter AILEEN.

Aileen.—Yer father and yer mither, darlint, are comin'
hard to say their shwate Lenore. *Exit.*

Lenore.—My father and my mother!—Doctor dear,
Oh, let me kiss them if not speak to them!

Lackl.—Forgive my seeming cruelty. No—go!
But take this bead—George gives it you to-day
A token of his health and love for you.

[*Gives bead.*]

Lenore.—The same I hung about his neck.—He smiled,
And quaintly said, The Venerable Bede.
Oh, he then lov'd me though I knew it not.—
Thanks, doctor, thanks,—be ever cruel thus
And I shall never fear your lack of kindness.

Exit.

Lackl.—For once my brain is master of my heart;
For once my purpose makes my feeling stoop;
Now can I move this chess-man as I like.

Enter HON. and MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. H.—Ah, doctor, how is my daughter to-day?

Lackl.—I am as happy to say, as you to hear it, better.

Hon. H.—Good sir, you have saved her life. May I
ask, how can I reward you?

Lackl.—Thank you, sir; but we will talk of that again.

Mrs. H.—But, doctor, can't we see her to-day? Las a
me! she's so much better!

Lackl.—Have patience, madame. You will have her in
in your arms at home much sooner than you expect.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! doctor!

Lackl.—Yes, dear madam;—but come into the next
room this conversation may disturb her.

Mrs. H.—[*To Hon. H.*] Wonderful!

Hon. H.—Truly wonderful!

Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Heidelberg's parlor. HOWARD discovered.*

Howd.—Fowtunate—clevev chap! Though hI sold my hods to-day fow a piece hof pie, hand as a last wesowt came to bowwow mowe money fwom Mrs. 'Eidelbewg, hI now find Lenowe 'as wecovewed, hand 'er 'alf a million mine, suwe pop. Clevev chap!

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs. H.—Yes, dear soul, she's coming home to-night as well as ever. Las a me! dear son-in-law, how happy she will be to see you.—But, do tell me, where have you been since you read her the news? Think of it! dear soul, I havn't seen or heard of you since then!

Howd.—Ah, hI thought Lenowe was dying, hand in my cwitical condition, hit pewfectly pwostwated me.

Mrs. H.—Ah, yes, dear soul, I might have known that. But here comes Aileen.

Enter AILEEN.

Have they come yet?

Aileen.—Aye! an' my very heart is playin' layp-frog over my tongue foor joy, it is. Och, its a bowld docthor that! He'd a tinder faylin' for the shwate crayther. Aye, I've seen a tear-drop in his eye for her sufferin's; an', by the powers, I thought I'd be afther sayin' the millaynium afore I'd say a docthor waypin' for a patient! I would!

Enter HON. HEIDELBERG, LENORE, and LACKLAND.

Lenore.—My mother, dear, oh, take me to your arms!

Mrs. H.—My darling daughter, come!

[*They embrace.*]

Howd.—[*To Lenore*] My 'appiness his supweme to see you so pewfectly wecovewed.

Lenore.—I thank you, sir, I am quite well indeed.

This doctor gave an antidote for you.

Mrs. H.—Btu, doctor, las a me! let me introduce you to my future son-in-law, Sir Henry Howard.

[*They shake hands.*]

Howd.—[*Aside*] Hegad! 'e 'as ha feawful gwasp!

Mrs. H.—He saved her honor, and she shall now be his wife.

Lackl.---Ha! ha! and I have sav'd her life. Were I Dispos'd, I might then claim my patient's hand
With stronger reason than this gentleman.

Mrs. H.—Yes, las a me! but he had first saved her honor and her name from vile reproach—a good equivalent for her life. But, las a me! you're not unworthy of her.

Lackl.—Ha! thank you; I'll remember this.

Hon. H.—Yes, good doctor, you are indeed not unworthy of our daughter whom you restore to us to-night from her death-bed as if by magic; and if I knew you to be as good and wise a man as my old clerk who made my celebrated speech, and whose death I occasioned by robbing him of it, I would say to you, take my daughter, and half my fortune with her, and God bless you both!

Lenore.—Oh, father, your old clerk, my George, is not—

Lackl.—[*To Lenore*] Hold! speak no more! Hold! recollect my words!

Hon. H.—What say you, daughter?

Mrs. H.—The idea! and not forgot the villain yet!

Howd.—Hegad!

Lenore.—Good doctor, pardon me, but I can bear
This burden of suspense no longer on
The feelings of my tender throbbing heart!
Go! quit your jokes and idle talk, and bring
My noble George before my loving eyes!
The hope of seeing whom has sav'd my life!
Go, doctor, go! To-night you promised me,
These arms would circle round my lov'd one's neck;
These lips would cling in fond enraptur'd bliss
Sipping the nectar of his truest kiss;
And this poor heart, that beats against this wall,
Hear his in unison return the call.

Lackl.—The doctor who has saved your life, is he.

[*Kneels.*]

O my belov'd Lenore, I am your George!

Mrs. H.—Las a me! the crazy rebel!

Hon. H.—What! my good old clerk!

Aileen.—Gorrah! her bowld owld ooncle that gave the
Ditchman such a welt! a doethor in disguise! But
he has a tinder heart, he has.

Howd.—Hegad! [*Aside*] Hit stwikes me hI am in a
box, vich is likely to be my coffin!

Lenore.—Kind Heaven, can it be! Beloved George,
A THREE-FOLD LOVE now will I have for you:
My Uncle George; the crazy man I sav'd;
And now the doctor who has saved my life.

Lackl.—[*To Hon. H.*] Good sir, I am the clerk that
made your speech—

Hon. H.—No more—no more! I know your story, sir.
God knows the burden you have taken from my con-
science now. Let me take you by the hand. [*They
shake hands.*] You have an honest gripe: it will
protect my daughter: here, fold it in it. [*Lays Le-
nore's hand in Lackland's.*] God bless you both!

Mrs. H.—Las a me! Gotly, you are mad! She is this
English lord's.

Howd.—Most 'appy, but—[*Going*]

Lackl.—Hold! you villain! You say I committed a
brutal assault upon this lady here? Liar! confess
the slander, or you shall feel my strength again!

Lenore.—Oh, do not, George, he is a simple fool.
His broken arm is punishment enough.

Hon. H.—I could have sworn the villain lied.

Mrs. H.—Las a me! you scamp, have you deceived me!
Begone!

Aileen.—Gorrah! let me at him?

Lenore.—No! pray do not!—forgive his villainy,
For it has work'd us good.—Now go, in peace.

Howd.—Ah thanks. Most 'appy to stay longer, but hI
wemembew now, hI 'ave an hengagement. [*Going.*]

Enter MAJ. BOPP with MISS FLIRTINA.

Mrs. H.—Yes, an engagement with this young lady!
The jealous thing!

Flirtina.—O my love Henry, have I found you at last!
[*Goes to Howard.*]

Maj. B.—Tunner und sour-kroust! Oh, mine gott!
wash ish de matter mit me now! Tunner! Mish Flirtina, you tells me pring you here, und you will be mine frau, und, py dam, now you goes to dish English lord, who ish a coward! knave!

Lackl.—And what are you? You are the brave soldier who rescued this lady from my brutality?

Maj. B.—Tunner! I ish bewitched und demoralized!
[*Pointing to Howard*] He ish de man! He gibbs me Mish Flirtina if I gibbs 'im Mish Lenore! He drowns you in de paper! I ish not de man! Und mine koornelcy! were ish it now! Ah, I ish bewitched! bewitched!

Aileen.—Arrah! I've a shpите at the Ditchman, too!
Do you see that! Aye! I'd welt the dirty pate of you, I would!

Maj. B.—Mine gott! wash ish de matter mit me now!

Enter DR. and MRS. SQUIRM and MICKIE.

Dr. Squ.—Oh! oh! my daughter has clandestinely eloped with the German count! Trichiniasis and cholera which by analogy clandestinely eloped—[*Sees Flirtina with Howard.*]

Mrs. Squ.—Ah, my daughter, my daughter! Where can I find my appropriation for my philanthropic distribution of Hebrew tracts among our—[*Sees Flirtina with Howard.*]

Dr. Squ.—Wonderful to behold! Mirabile [*Looks in book*] visu!

Mrs. Squ.—Extraordinary metamorphosis!--My note book! [*Writes.*]

Mickie.—Aye! here's the Ditch vagabond! [*To Maj. Bopp*] Do you ricognize yer owld frinds yit?

Dr. Squ.—The unconscionable villain!

Maj. B.—Oh, mine gott! wash ish de matter mit me now!

Hon. H.—They're lying, cowardly villains—both of them!

Flirtina.—What! my Henry a lying, cowardly villain! Oh!

Aileen.—Yis, a low blackguard! [*Putting her fist under Howard's nose*] Do you mind that! That's what owld Ireland would be afther doin' now to your counthry England? eh?

Lenore.—No more of this! Peace! peace, good people all!

[*To Howard*]

Here, take the hand of her who loves you dearly,
And beg her to forgive you as I do.

[*Lays Flirtina's hand in Howard's.*]

Flirtina.—[*To Howard*] Was it for her, [*Lenore*] so good, so kind, so amiable, and so beautiful, that you deserted me? Was it for her that you became a villain! I do forgive you, Henry: she surpasses me as day does night: You had been a cursed villain not to have left me for her!

Dr. Squ.—Lenore not dead? Alas! for my chapter on her extraordinary case of trichiniasis!

Mrs. Squ.—George Lackland not drowned? Alas! for my moral reflections on his death already published in the Bosting journals!

Howd.—[*Kneeling to Flirtina*] Fow once hI vill be honest hin my life. hI did not love Lenowe, but 'er 'alf a million!

Mrs. H.—And, las a me! the scamp has got a couple hundred of it already!

Flirtina.—Then you have left your love for me. That will I take for it was love for me myself—I had no money. Come, kiss me now—all is over!

Howd.—Most 'appy. [*They kiss.*]

Maj. B.—Tunner und blitzen!

Hon. H.—Come Sarah Jane, take Lenore's hand, as I take Mr. Lackland's, and let us join them together as the symbol of our wishes that their lives united

may be ever virtuous and happy. And Dr. Squirm, with your good lady there, do you the same with Miss Flirtina and Mr. Howard.

Mrs. H., Dr. and Mrs. Squ.—I do.

Maj. B.—Lenore not deat! De crazy man not drown! De English cownt vins mine frauline, Mish Flirtina, who says she ish mine to night, py dam, to get me pring her here! Oh, mine gott! I ish bewitched!

Mickie.—Yis, ye dirty divil ye, and kicked with yer own boots! [*Kicking*] Don't you ricognize yer owld frinds! [*Exit Maj. Bopp bawling, O mine gott! wash ish de matter mit me now!*] Whoo! the Fenians would bate the divil!--But Aileen, mavourneen, where are ye? Would ye be afther shtandin' shtill and sayin' nothin when all this jinin' of hands is goin' on? Come, darlint, come!

Aileen.—Arrah, Mickie, you're my heart's own love.











Mickie.—Aye, an yer a jewel--a carboonecle. Howld here your gob. [*He kisses her*] Aye! an' mind ye now, we're anither hid cintre! Hurroo! the Fenians are flourishin' mightily!

Lackl.—And God be praised, that after all our crime,
And sorrow, pain, remorse, and shame, and fear,
That we, poor agents of the One above,
Should now be blessed with a THREE-FOLD LOVE.

Mrs. Squ.—This must be published in the Bosting journals.

END OF THE DRAMA.

Disposition of the Characters as the curtain falls.

				
	<i>Aileen.</i>	<i>Mickie.</i>		
				
	<i>Lenore.</i>	<i>Lackl.</i>	<i>Flirt.</i>	<i>Howd.</i>
				
<i>Mrs. H.</i>		<i>Hon. H.</i>	<i>Mrs. Squ.</i>	<i>Dr. Squ.</i>



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